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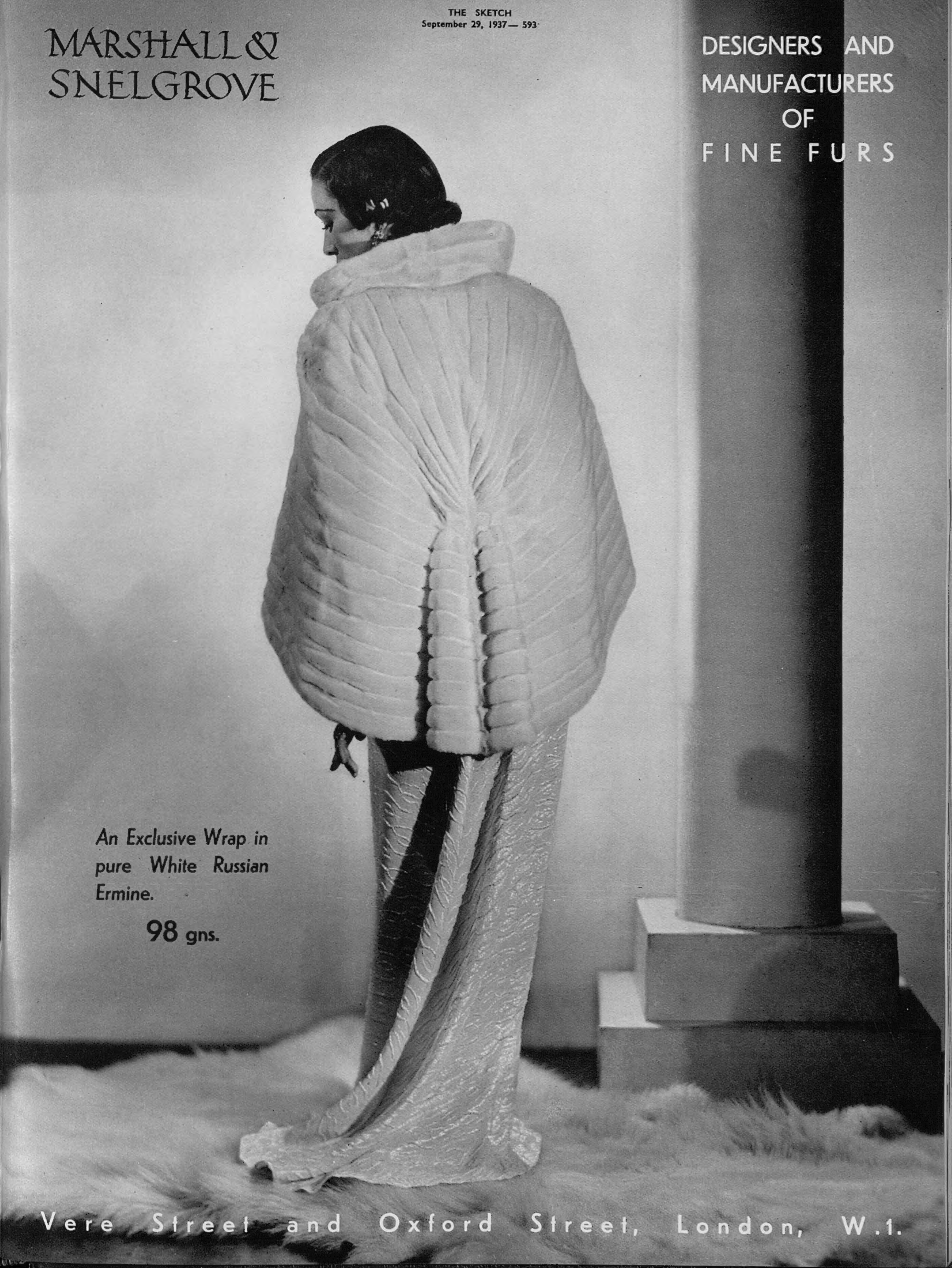
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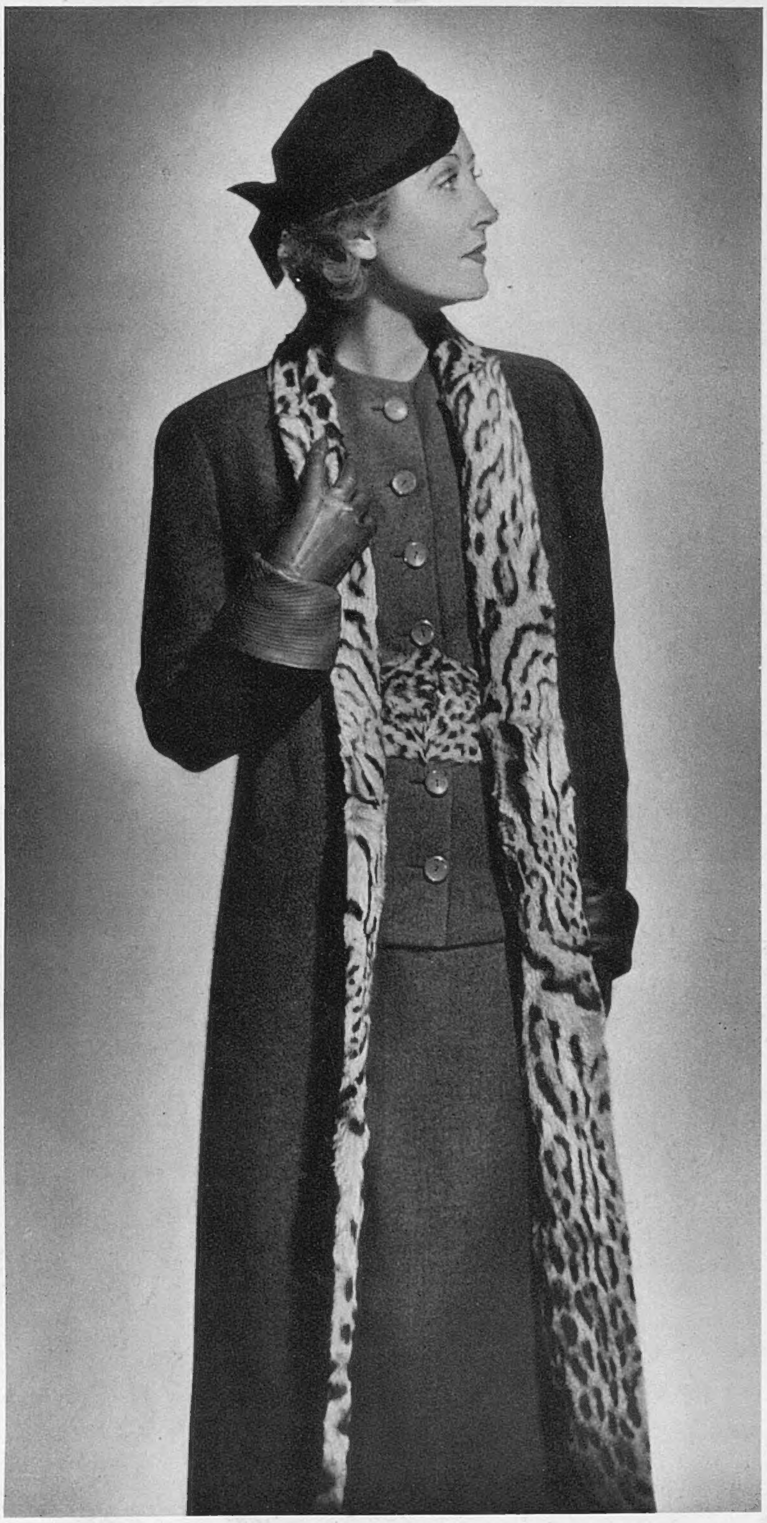

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The Sketch

No. 2331 — Vol. CLXXIX. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1937. ONE SHILLING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

LADY JANE WHO UPSET QUEEN VICTORIA'S EQUILIBRIUM.

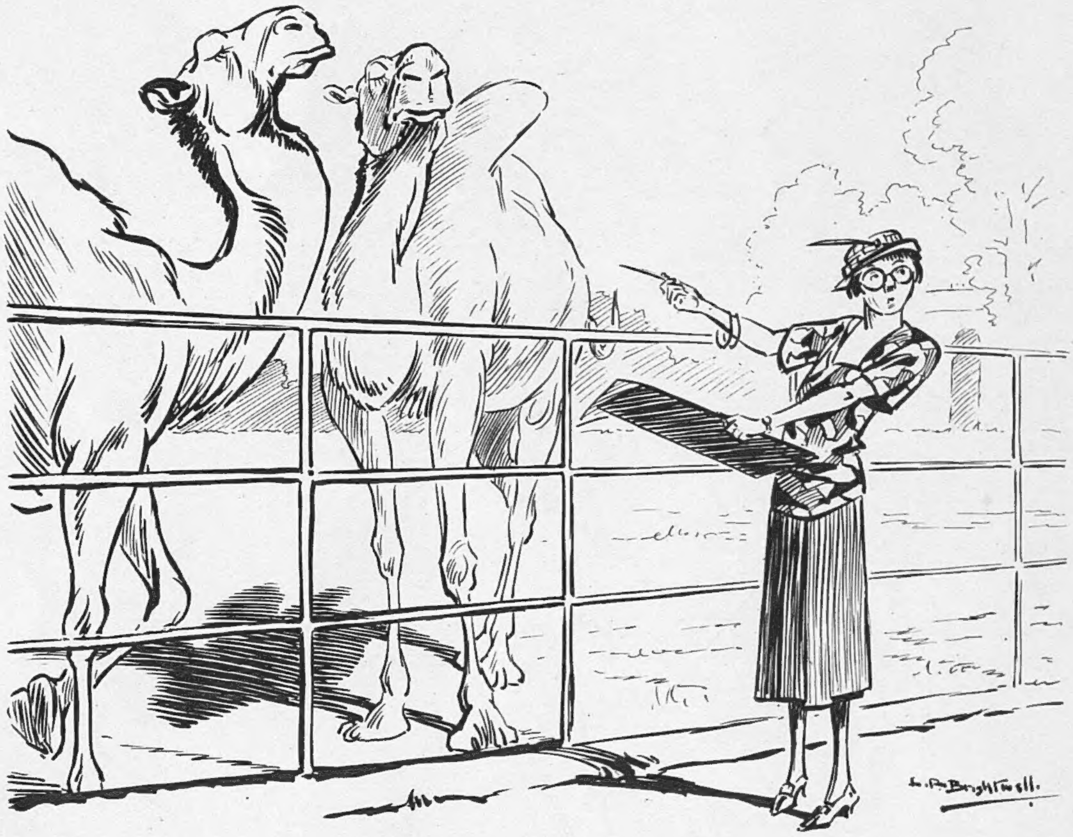
In " Victoria Regina," JILL FURSE *plays Lady Jane, the girl who gives Queen Victoria an hour of reasonless, agonising jealousy. The Queen finds Prince Albert handing Lady Jane a flower she has dropped, and immediately imagines a tender relationship. The part was originally played by Penelope Dudley Ward, now acting in the U.S.A. Miss Furse is a descendant of Sarah Siddons.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT.
IV.—EPILOGUE.

TIME, we are taught nowadays, is merely relative; and there is no time more relative than bed-time. There are some who "retire," as they rise, with scrupulous punctuality; one of the most remarkable men I ever met told me that he attributed his vitality (which was enormous) to the fact that, for many years of his life, he had gone to bed at ten-thirty precisely, and that nothing, short of an earthquake, would keep him out of his bed at the appointed hour. There are others who never go to bed at the same time on two successive nights, and many who do not consider that their day is ended until midnight has struck. A few do not seem to need to go to bed at all; everybody has known people who seem to flourish on four hours' sleep a night, and sometimes less. Doctors say that we were intended by nature to spend about a third of our lives in a state of oblivion (an extraordinary and somewhat humiliating arrangement, when you come to think of it), but doctors are apt to be a little dogmatic in these matters, and the truth is that there is no universal rule for this important activity, or inactivity, of our lives. We all know what happens when you burn the candle at both ends; and yet some who are addicted to this practice seem to keep the flame going for an extraordinarily long time and with few ill-effects. The only safe rule with sleep is to take as much as you need, when you need it: and this applies to the day as well as the night. Forty winks, when nature demands them, are often more restorative than a whole night of heavy slumber; and many a busy man saves himself from exhaustion by the wise and happy knack of deliberately taking a brief nap, even in the press of affairs. It is seldom wise to resist sleep, though I admit that problems sometimes arise on warm afternoons after luncheon, and I cannot commend the growing number of those who choose to take their nap when they are driving a motor-car. I have recently been nearly slaughtered by a friend who has this awkward habit, and I think he ought to go to bed earlier; otherwise, I daily expect that he, his passengers, and any passing pedestrians, will go to bed for good and all.



"KEEPAH! CAN'T YOU STOP THEM SNEERING?"

DRAWN BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL.

There are as many different ways as there are different times of going to bed. Some just "go quietly" at the summons, and pass from waking to sleeping by an orderly and unvarying routine. Some "tumble into bed," always somewhat in disorder, scattering clothes, shoes, and the contents of pockets untidily on any place which happens to be handy. The sure mark of the tumbler is that he drops his shoes heavily on the floor, regardless of the convenience of anybody else who may be in the immediate neighbourhood. Then there are those who, in the old phrase, "compose themselves for slumber." These, I think, have the secret of satisfactory and successful bed-going. I believe strongly in this process of "composition." The only way to make bed a place of rest and refreshment is to go to it in the right frame of mind. This requires a certain technique.

There are, in this matter, certain counsels of prudence which are so obvious that I should blush to mention them, were it not that we all, from time to time, recklessly ignore them. For example, it is elementary that if you fuss and tease your mind all the evening, whether it be with some real problem which forces itself on you, or with some voluntary conundrum (such as a cross-word puzzle), you cannot expect a brain, thus nagged, to become suddenly and obligingly calm as soon as you are between the sheets. A very certain irritant of the post-prandial mind is anything in the nature of figures or calculations. Never touch figures or accounts of any kind after dinner! You might just as well drink a quart of black coffee. Still more disastrous, of course, is it to go to bed with the sulks. Whatever wrongs you have suffered during the day, however despitefully the world has used you, you must somehow contrive before you go to bed, to be at peace with all men—and, what is perhaps even more important, with all women. If you let the blankets go down upon your wrath, you will find, at about 2 a.m., when the tide of vitality is at the ebb, that your grievance is even more monstrous and intolerable than your fiercest resentment had supposed. Whereas, if you can just put it firmly aside before turning out the light, you will find at about 8 a.m. that it has shrunk during the night to curiously insignificant proportions. You will then have the satisfaction of feeling that its apparent insignificance—apparent only, because, of course, you are still deeply wronged—is due to your own magnanimity. A man in a magnanimous frame of mind may be a somewhat trying companion at breakfast, but he does not tempt you so sorely to throw the boiled eggs at him as a victim of injustice and misunderstanding.

Is reading in bed a sound method of "composing oneself for slumber"? That rather depends on the reading-matter, but on the whole I believe in this device for diverting the mind as completely as possible from surrounding events before "going under." One method is to choose literature so dull that one is bound to fall asleep over it; thus I know one man who avers that he cured himself of insomnia by studying modern Physics—though, personally, I think he could have done it more quickly if he had concentrated on a few very up-to-date novels that I could name. This course of treatment seems to me rather drastic and liable to take the skin off; and I should rather prescribe that invaluable kind of book, preferably fiction, every chapter of which leaves you wanting to know what happens in the next chapter. I wish I could find more books of that kind; a chapter at a time is an admirable nightcap. Still better is the book which sends you to sleep with an inward gurgle of laughter; and in that connection I should like to express, not for the first time, my tribute to that great dispenser of balm, Mr. P. G. Wodehouse. It is one of my most settled principles that there shall always be a Wodehouse within easy reach of my bed. Have you got one handy? Then good-night, and sleep well.

THE BRISTLEWOODS.

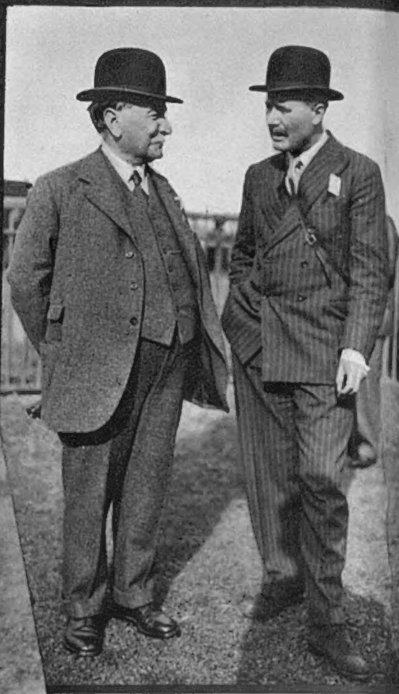
"Hold that, Percy, and I'll read you the 'Don'ts' for coming down."

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

THE SCOTTISH CIRCUIT:

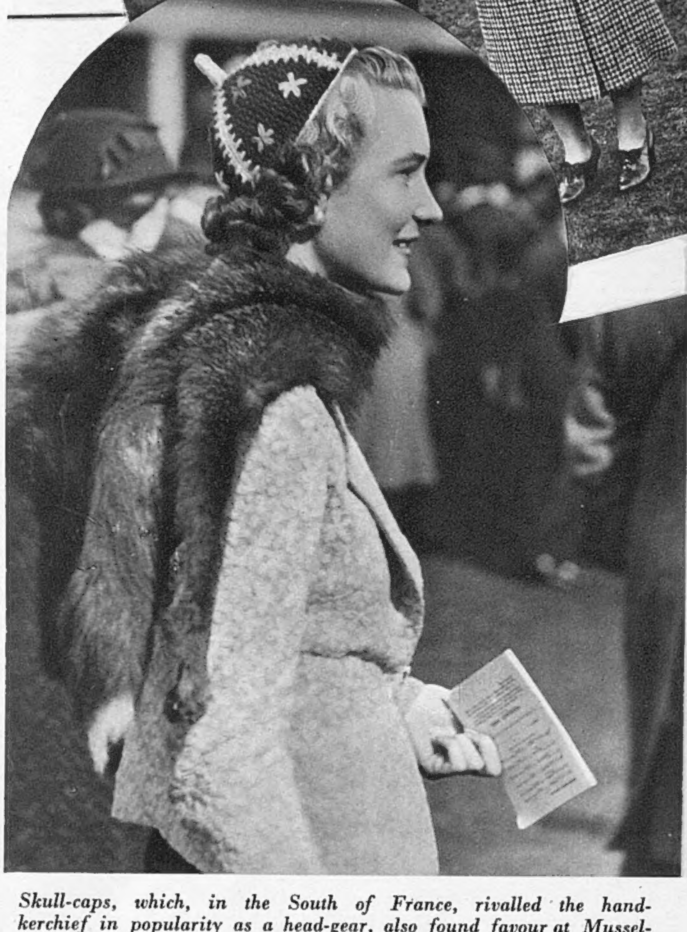
MR. and MRS. "JOCK" WILSON with her father, MR. GEORGE ORR, of Kilduff House, Drem. Mr. Wilson is in the Lanarkshire Yeomanry.

MISS URSULA WATSON, the elder daughter of the Hon. Ronald Watson, with MR. PADDY CROOKSHANK, son of Colonel Crookshank, of Humble.



The RT. HON. SIR THOMAS DIXON, BT., a keen owner, was talking to CAPTAIN TEDDY STEVENSON, the Purse-Bearer at the Palace of Holyroodhouse. Sir Thomas, who is an uncle of Sir Stewart Stewart-Clark, is his Majesty's Lieutenant for County of City of Belfast.

Left: LORD *and* LADY MAITLAND. *She is wearing a checked coat. He is the son and heir of the Earl of Lauderdale.*



Skull-caps, which, in the South of France, rivalled the handkerchief in popularity as a head-gear, also found favour at Musselburgh. MISS SPENS *wore one.*

MR. *and* MRS. EDWARD ESMOND *in the Members' Enclosure. Mr. Esmond is one of the "kings" of North Berwick.*

MISS BEATRICE *and* MISS ROSEMARY GROSVENOR *wearing short fur coats. They are the daughters of the late Lord Edward Arthur Grosvenor and Lady Dorothy Charteris.*

RACING AT MUSSELBURGH.

LADY STEWART-CLARK, *dressed all in purple of two vivid shades, was with* HER HUSBAND, *who has, as usual, been playing in a number of Scottish tennis tournaments. Sir Stewart is the second Baronet.*

The DUCHESS OF NORFOLK *(left), who is such a very keen racegoer, in the paddock with* MISS DE TRAFFORD.

MAJOR *the* EARL OF LAUDERDALE *with* VISCOUNT *and* VISCOUNTESS MAITLAND. *Lord Lauderdale's seat is Thirlestane Castle, Lauder.*

Right : COLONEL LODER *talking to* MISS HOPE-JOHNSTONE.

LORD ANDREW CAVENDISH *and* MISS URSULA KENYON SLANEY. *Lord Andrew is the younger son of the Marquess of Hartington and grandson of the Duke of Devonshire.*

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR CHARLES J. C. GRANT *and* MR. *and* MRS. ROBIN BUCHMAN *watching a race.*

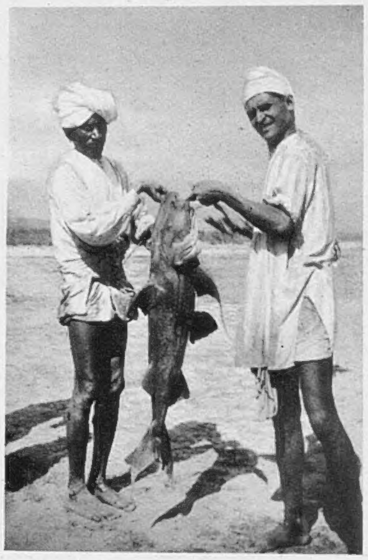
LADY ANNE *and* LADY JOAN HOPE, *daughters of the Viceroy of India, in a gay mood. They were born in 1914 and 1915 respectively.*

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

FILLING long-felt wants is a very useful occupation, and I am glad to say that Messrs. J. R. Norman and F. C. Fraser, both Assistant Keepers in the Department of Zoology, have worked hard recently in producing a book on "Giant Fishes, Whales and Dolphins." Being a Keeper at the British Museum is not quite the same thing as being a keeper at the Zoo; there are no feeding-times to worry about, nor howling noises to distract attention. Mr. Norman has enjoyed himself writing about his beloved fishes, and Mr. Fraser has dealt fully and faithfully with the cetaceans. Not the least valuable part of a book of this kind is the illustrations, and these, in great abundance, have been very skilfully done by Lieut.-Col. W. P. C. Tenison, D.S.O. The need for a "Complete Guide for Naturalists, Sportsmen, and Ocean Travellers" was brought home to the authors by the constant inquiries they received during recent years. The fishes, with a few exceptions, are limited to those reaching a length of six feet. Identification of fishes and cetaceans is a very complex subject, and one of which but very few have any knowledge. In this book there are simple keys which enable the reader to identify any specimen very easily and quickly. Cetaceans — including whales, porpoises, and dolphins—are mammals, and there is one feature in particular which distinguishes them from fishes. The latter have their tails set in a vertical plane, whereas the flukes of cetaceans are in a horizontal plane. Although sharks and rays are fishes, they are in a class of their own, as they have no bones—only gristly skeletons. Apart from its value as a guide, the book is very interesting to read, for it is full of strange stories and facts, and will take its place as the standard work on the subject.

Captain Franklyn Stonham, I.M.S., caught this 50-lb. MAHSEER *near Dehra Dun, India. He used a rod made by himself, of split cane supplied by Arthur Allan, of Glasgow; weighing 6 oz. 1 dram; and Pflueger "Vorka" reel, with 100 yards of 30-lb. test line, and about 30 of backing. His bait was a Pflueger "Pal o' Mine" minnow. On the same afternoon he landed also a 10-lb. goonch, and the 32-lb. goonch seen in the next photograph.*

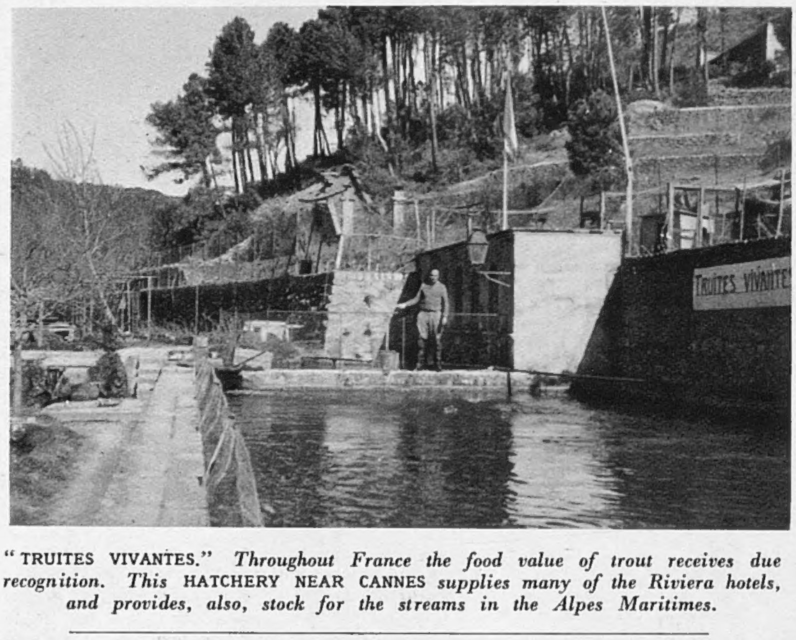
Angling for Penguins. According to a cutting from a local newspaper sent to me by a friend in the Transvaal, a fisherman who obtains specimens for the Durban Aquarium has excelled himself by catching four penguins and a black diver bird on rod and line. It is very unusual for penguins to be seen at Durban, and, judging by their exhausted state, these birds had doubtless been buffeted by storms and driven out of their course. When he saw the first two penguins, the fisherman baited a hook with a small fish and cast it near the birds. There was no waiting for a bite, as they scrambled to seize the bait. Both birds were quickly landed in the boat, and were then taken to the aquarium. For some days they were too weak to stand, but plenty of good food — they ate their weight in fish every day—soon put them on their feet again. Hearing that two more penguins had been seen near Durban pier, the fisherman went bird-fishing again, and rescued them, and also a black diver. I say "rescued," as these birds were likely to have perished had they not been caught in this way.



On the same afternoon as he landed the mahseer, and using the same rod, Captain Stonham caught this very fine GOONCH *on a Pflueger's "Pal o' Mine" minnow. This fish is probably a record catch for artificial bait, as dead bait on spinning tackle is generally used. Captain Stonham landed it after a desperate twenty minutes' fight, at the beginning of which, playing the fish, he was carried by coolies through deep, unwadeable water.*

How to Catch Big Pike. Big pike, fish of 20 lb. and over, are undoubtedly scarce in English waters, but the Irish lakes contain plenty, and there are lochs in Scotland, including Loch Lomond and Loch Ken, which hold hefty specimens. I have always maintained that, to catch these big fellows, it is hardly possible to use baits too large. Of course, it may be argued that big pike have been taken on small spinning and live baits, but it stands to reason that a big pike cannot afford to waste two ounces of energy to obtain an ounce of food. If he takes a small bait, it is only when he can do so without much effort. The record 53-pounder was taken on a spoon, but it had a salmon weighing about 10 lb. in its stomach. (The salmon was removed before the pike was weighed.) Dr. K. C. Edwards, of Bury St. Edmunds, has come round to this point of view after a recent experience in Ireland, when he used big natural baits for the first time. Previously, he had killed only three pike of over 20 lb., but in eight days' fishing in August on Lough Mask he had four pike over 20 lb., the two heaviest weighing 31 lb. and 32 lb. Altogether, he had a dozen pike over 10 lb., and they were all taken on big natural baits. He considers pike of 12/15 inches in length the best bait for big pike.

Cost of Trout-Fishing. What does it cost to catch trout in a South Country chalk stream? Not less than 10s. apiece, according to Mr. L. R. Peart, who has just written a book on "Fishing in the Making." This figure is the minimum, and more often than not an angler who catches two trout per £1 of subscription is to be envied by his club members. On a private fishery the trout may very easily cost from £2 to £3 each before they are caught. Mr. Peart runs a fishery himself, and his father runs a fish-farm, so he is able to discuss fishery profit and loss accounts with first-hand knowledge. For that matter, his book reveals the same practical background throughout. Mr. Peart shows that a fishery can be made to yield a handsome profit. He also shows very plainly that it is equally capable of showing a handsome loss if the owner does not put his heart and soul into making the fishery a success. Stocking; food; water, weed and mud control; vermin, disease, and many other things provide problems for the fishery owner.



"TRUITES VIVANTES." *Throughout France the food value of trout receives due recognition. This* HATCHERY NEAR CANNES *supplies many of the Riviera hotels, and provides, also, stock for the streams in the Alpes Maritimes.*

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

On Sept. 13, Mr. Addison, of Ayr, had the best catch of the season on Loch Leven—thirty-eight trout, weighing 39½ lb.

While fishing at Dartmouth, Mr. Rass, of Fulham, had his finger nearly bitten through by a conger of 17 lb. which had been gutted, cleaned, and its backbone cut.—R. L. MARSTON.

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

THE "FIGHTING FOURTH."

During annual training THE 4TH (CARMARTHENSHIRE) BATTALION THE WELCH REGIMENT *heard of the advent of our caricaturist, and there was a general stampede to wash-and-brush-up for portraiture. In 1860 this regiment was the 1st Volunteer Battalion the Welsh Regiment, which, in turn, was the successor of the Pembrokeshire Rifle Volunteers. A detachment served in the South African War. In the Great War the 4th took part in the landing at Suvla Bay, and fought in Egypt and Palestine, from the first Battle of Gaza until the Armistice. They have many battle honours.*

THE BOGSIDE MEETING HELD IN DELIGHTFUL WEATHER.

The COUNTESS OF DUMFRIES watched the parade in the paddock. She was Lady Eileen Forbes, daughter of the Earl of Granard.

MR. and MRS. JOCK WILSON were together. She was Miss Zoe Orr before their marriage. Mr. Wilson is in the Lanarkshire Yeomanry. They have a baby daughter.

Right: Pretty MISS DIANA KNOX was escorted by MR. IAN REID, who is in the Black Watch.

Left: MISS ANN COATS of Sundrum, with MISS ELIZABETH SPAIN. They were snapped on the steps of the grand-stand.

Right: VISCOUNTESS MILTON. She was Miss Olive Plunket, daughter of the Most Rev. the Hon. Benjamin Plunket, and married Earl Fitzwilliam's heir in 1933. Her husband's Paul Beg won the fourth race.

The COUNTESS OF ROSEBERY marking her card. She is at Dalmeny House for the "Circuit."

MRS. JOHN ("LUCKY") DEWAR looked as smart as usual.

MISS ANN ROSS, whose hat was a fashion note at this meeting. Her parents live in Ayrshire.

Ping-pong makes a nice change for Cecilia Colledge, at Lugano. Her partner is Karl Schäfer, the world champion of that game for some years.

CECILIA COLLEDGE DESERTING THE ICE FOR THE SUN.

BEFORE starting her very strenuous winter campaign, which keeps her five hours on the rink daily, Cecilia Colledge had a health-giving holiday at Lugano, where she bathed and went in for other relaxations. We need hardly remind our readers that the famous skating star won the Women's World Championship Figure Skating title at the Empress Stadium, Earl's Court, this year. This was the first occasion on which the title has been secured by an English competitor. Before that she had won the European Women's Figure Skating Championship at Prague.

Right: A friend hands Cecilia Colledge a little note.

"THE GODS GO A-BEGGING"— AND AUDIENCE AT

DANILOVA, *in her dress as the Goddess after she has shed her disguise of a shepherdess, decorating Sir Thomas Beecham; and* SHABELEVSKY *(on the right) amid a bower of flowers. This is an entirely new version of the ballet, and the music, which is by Handel, has been arranged by Sir Thomas Beecham.*

Grigorieva and Rostova having the final touches put to their eighteenth-century costumes for the ballet.

BARON FREDERIC D'ERLANGER *and* LADY GALWAY *discussing the ballet and other matters of interest.*

DANILOVA, *still in the guise of a shepherdess, dances at the fête.*
(PHOTOGRAPH BY MERLYN SEVERN.)

Left: DANILOVA—*as the Goodess—is tying her shoe-ribbon.*

WITH SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, DANCERS, THE FIRST NIGHT AT COVENT GARDEN.

M. Michel Fokine, the eminent producer of ballets, with his decorative-looking wife.

CLAIRE LUCE wears the handkerchief with a difference: insteaa of having one tied under the chin, she has a square one covering her hair. It must be admitted that it is eminently becoming to her.

Right: The seamstress (in the background) is busily machining some of the costumes and one of the ballerinas puts on her shoes for a final rehearsal. This is a scene which the audience does not see!

Can you do this on water-skis? HEINRICH MACKART, *water-ski-jöring champion of Austria, thinks nothing of it. Here he is on the Wörthersee, at Dellach, in Carinthia.*

A telemark in the water is a thrill.

Mazeppa, dragged along by wild horses, must have felt like a water-ski-jörer at one end of a rope, with a 25-mile-an-hour motor-boat at the other end!

On the steps of the Dellach Hotel: PRINCESS OLGA *and* PRINCE NICHOLAS OF GREECE, *parents of the Duchess of Kent, with their son-in-law,* PRINCE PAUL, *Regent of Jugoslavia.* BARON *and* BARONESS "TINY" KNORRING *are in the background.*

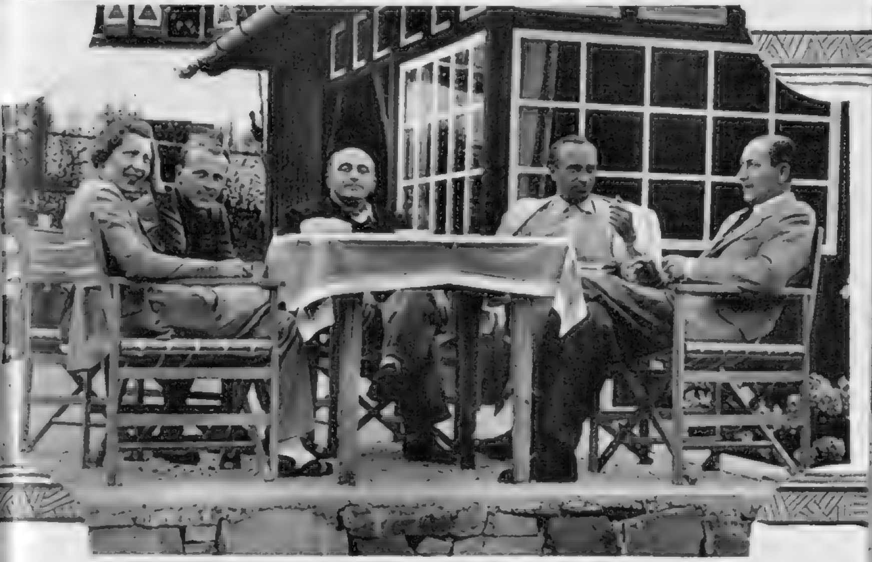
Near the first tee on the eighteen-hole course: MRS. GEORGE CARBUTT, PRINCE ROHAN, *and* M. DE SAAL.

SIR RICHARD CRUISE, *the distinguished London oculist, was second in the Austrian Alps Golf Championship.*

LADY CRUISE *on the Dellach golf-course.*

THE CARINTHIANS: WATER SKI-JÖRING

THE WÖRTHERSEE, *with* DELLACH. *This is Europe's newest playground, in the Austrian Alps, discovered by Major "Jimmy" Foster, who has his own villa at Sekirn, near by. In self-defence, he built the hotel because the friends he invited to stay with him refused to gö away and brought others, so that his house overflowed.*



Out-of-door meal-time: MRS. CONRAD VEIDT; COUNT SCHERR-THOSS; *celebrated screen-star,* CONRAD VEIDT; *and* COUNT OTTO SALM.

On shooting-sticks at the first tee: MRS. CAMERON, MR. CAMERON, *and* "BOY" SCHEFTEL, *scratch player.*

The DUCHESS OF WINDSOR *(centre) watches the game.*

COUNTESS PEGGY MUNSTER *driving. She designed the furniture and the decorations of the hotel, giving it the note of primitive peasant simplicity which is so pleasantly deceptive of the sophisticated comfort underlying it.*

EX-KING ALFONSO XIII. OF SPAIN *with his sons,* DON JUAN *and* DON JAIME.

AND GOLF AT DELLACH, IN AUSTRIA.

TALES WITH A STING.

THE LAST DOOR.

By KEITH AYLING.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

BRYAN, house-to-house representative, knocked half-heartedly at the door he had decided would be his last that day. Waiting for the answer he neither wanted nor expected, he rested his weariness on one leg and propped himself against the frame of the porch. Demonstration appliances could be surprisingly heavy at the end of a long and order-empty day. He had scourged himself to make this last call.

The door gaped suddenly. Bryan straightened. He saw a tallish woman in green, whose curves swelled a little too generously at the hips for her to be still young. Green eyes, too big for the slender, olive-tinted face, held his attention.

He smiled politely. The lady of the house herself. You didn't have to guess that. He began his preamble: "Madam, the managing director of the Planet-Whirlwind Electrical Company, who is a personal friend of Mrs. Carling, your neighbour, has asked me to present his compliments . . ."

She smiled unmistakable welcome. The green eyes were expressive—the most youthful things about her *svelte* maturity. His expectations of a sale crumbled. When they looked like that they did not want to buy. They were just being kind.

Her smile ripened. "Won't you come in?" she invited. "And have a drink or something?"

Bryan hesitated. It was nearly six o'clock. Marjorie, his girl friend, would be waiting. All through the day he had been longing for six-thirty. Only that pugnacious kink in his mentality had insisted he should attempt this last effort to make a sale.

An utterly strange shyness descended on him. "Er—t-that 's kind of you, but I mustn't be long!"

She backed into the hall, making it plain she was not to be refused. He apologised brightly. "I 'll have to bring my demonstration machines with me—they 're valuable, you know!"

She smiled: "Yes, vacuum cleaners are expensive—I must buy one from you, one day."

He lifted the bigger suit-case. "That one 's a cleaner; the other is something that 'll be the rage one day—it 's a new gadget——"

She interrupted by saying quickly: "Of course—you must tell me all about it next time." He noticed the green eyes moved anxiously to the clock on the wall. They came to rest on his and smiled. "It 's past six—your business day must be over. Will you do something for me?"

Bryan settled himself on the divan. He hoped whatever she wanted wouldn't take long. Marjorie had been standing all day in the shop.

"Anything I can——" he promised.

He took the drink and wondered did one say "Cheerio!" or "Good health!" to a strange woman older than oneself. He decided on "Cheerio!" She acknowledged the greeting graciously. Her smile revealed perfect teeth.

She seemed to be taking stock of him. Her eyes filled with uncertainty. At length she asked: "You could protect a woman against violence?"

His young face was amused. He squared his shoulders. "I 'm pretty fit, and useful with my fists, if that is what you mean."

"Good!—I thought that immediately I saw you. Fate must have sent you, just when I need you most. In a few minutes two men are coming here. They 'll probably want to fight one another . . . they mustn't. I hate fights——" She shrugged her wide shoulders helplessly. "And—well, it 's not quite the thing in a flat, is it?"

"And what will they fight about?" he inquired imprudently, but she answered without resentment.

"They both want to marry me. Each has forbidden the other to come, and each knows the other 's coming."

Bryan's brows knit. Marjorie would understand his doing a kindness of this sort, as long as he was not too late.

"And how am I to stop them?" he asked. "They may object to my being here."

"They won't make a scene in front of you. I shall introduce you as my cousin Jack from Ohio. They both know of Jack."

He laughed. "All right—I 'm all the way from Ohio. And if they do fight?"

"You 're strong—you 'll have to keep them apart."

Bryan got up. He bent over his suit-case for a moment. Then he looked up at her with a grin. "I 'll stow these under the table. I shouldn't like them to be damaged—they 're valuable. One of them is absolutely the last word——"

"Oh, please, Mr. Salesman," she mocked, "forget business now. You can come another day and sell me something—that is, if you 're a success at being cousin Jack."

The first arrival was a stout, gruff man. His beak face scowled at Bryan. He shot out a hand and took it away almost before Bryan had gripped it. "Glad to meet you, Jack—my name 's Ben. Your cousin 's a swell girl."

The rival came late. He was as tall as Bryan, lean-faced. He shook hands with neither. He sat down as if he were at home. Bryan was conscious of dark beads of eyes that flickered under the generous eyebrows.

"Cousin from Ohio—well, well!"

Bryan resented the fellow. His eyes strayed over to the girl. Her face was a mask of ladylike innocence, but he could not be sure whether it was put on. He looked at the two men. They were opulent in a flashy kind of way; not the kind of men he would like his sister to marry.

A kind of social panic came over Bryan. He ought to say something to make the party go, but he felt miserably tongue-tied.

Frost, the tall man, lit himself a cigarette. He looked at the woman. "Explained to cousin Jack what we want him to do?" he demanded.

She shook her head. Bryan remarked she was careful her eyes did not meet his. "He only arrived just before you."

"Good!—I 'll tell him." His voice hardened. He could be a brute, Bryan judged—more dangerous than the other. "You 're going to earn a hundred pounds, Jack—if you 're slick and sensible."

Bryan's face was a visible gasp. A hundred pounds was a fortune! It meant—well, a couple of rooms of furniture. He controlled himself with difficulty. "Er—why—yes, I 'd like to. I didn't know."

He raised his eyes to his hostess. She was not looking his way. Ben slapped a plump hand through the air. "You don't have to know—you 've just got to do!"

Frost produced from his pocket a biggish packet that might have been a couple of pounds of tea. "We want this delivered to a friend to-night—that 's all."

Dismay exploded inside Bryan. "But that 's nothing——" He broke off suddenly. "Why the hundred pounds? I don't understand."

Frost grinned. "That packet 's worth it. I 'll pay what I say."

Bryan was at pains to keep his face calm. So his doubts had been right about these men. He stared at the parcel. Frost was certainly not paying him a hundred pounds to deliver a packet of tea.

"Where must I take it?"

The woman broke in: "You 'd better let Jack in on it," she advised. "Safer for me if you do . . . we can't take risks."

Frost looked at Ben. Their mistrust was evident. The woman turned to Bryan. "Jack, dear, we 're in a difficulty. That packet is cocaine—we sell it cheap to the chemists. The Customs people are after us. They know my friends, so we can't deliver it. We want you to take it to an address we 'll give you."

Her eyes pleaded with him to keep her confidence over her earlier duplicity. Bryan wrestled with a sudden distaste . . . but with a hundred pounds he and Marjorie could do wonders. Heaven knew they had waited long enough! He had only to walk out with the thing in his suit-case. [Continued on page 644.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

"SATAN."

FROM THE ORIGINAL, "BRIGHT EYES," BY B. K. DILWALI, EXHIBITED AT THE 28TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 5A, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

MISS BETTY HOLLINGSWORTH *was one of the attractive competitors in the Gleneagles Hotel tennis tournament. Between matches, she played golf in an emerald-green bandeau and jersey.*

OCTOBER is a very pleasant month for those who enjoy days in the open air even when they have a nip in them, and there are several interesting race fixtures in store for them, each of which means long hours on wind-swept heaths, exhilarating and healthy for everyone, and thoroughly delightful when one is warmly wrapped up in tweeds and fur coats.

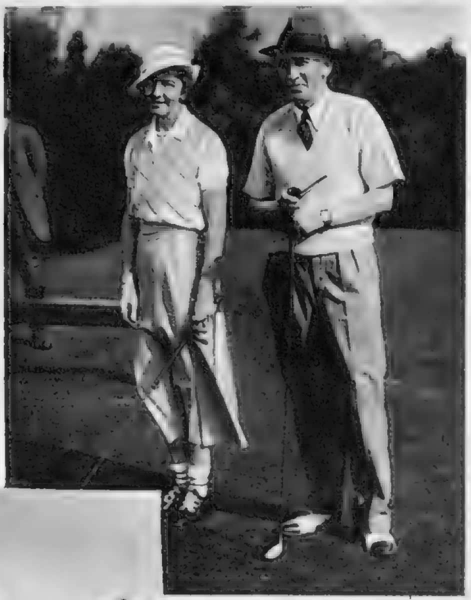
Newmarket will be a particularly happy meeting-ground for many who have spent recent weeks abroad. There is the Cambridgeshire, and then the Cesarewitch a fortnight later, with days of racing to precede and follow at other meetings. Before that, many will find their way to Newmarket for the first October meeting, which, while ending on the first of that month, actually began in this one, for the first day's racing was held yesterday (Sept. 28).

The Princess Royal, who has much enjoyed Queen Mary's visit, which ended last week when her Majesty went from Harewood to Holker Hall to stay with Lord Richard and Lady Moyra Cavendish, will most certainly come down from Harewood House for the two later meetings, and will have one or two friends staying with her and Lord Harewood at Egerton House.

CAPTAIN W. R. BUCKNALL, *Black Watch,* CAPTAIN G. (" SANDY ") BARNETT, *and* MRS. BUCKNALL, *with Miss Thunder. Captain Bucknall is at present stationed at the Regimental Depot, Perth. Captain Barnett is also in the Black Watch. He is a brother of Lady Forbes-Leith of Fyvie.*

For those who like to attend races nearer town there is a single day's racing at Kempton Park on Saturday, when the Duke of York's Handicap is the principal event of the afternoon, and one is always sure of good racing on this very pleasant course. Kempton can boast one of the finest and best equipped stands in the country, the aftermath of a fire which destroyed the older building a few years ago. The late King George was particularly fond of Kempton Park, and invariably persuaded Queen Mary to accompany him when he attended the racing there.

Another charming country course, Newbury, will be the scene of good sport on Oct. 22 and 23, with racing at another of the "Park" courses, Sandown Park, on the two preceding days. Apropos of racing, a kinswoman of a very well-known figure in racing circles, Sir Gordon Carter, decided to be married in London on Monday. Everyone associates Ascot with Sir Gordon, for as Clerk of the Course he is responsible for the perfection of the course's upkeep, and has all the details of the smooth running of Ascot Week in his capable hands.



The EARL *and* COUNTESS OF CROMER *on the links of Gleneagles Hotel.*

The bride in question is Miss Margot Hambling, elder daughter of Sir Guy and Lady Hambling. Her father, a famous figure in the banking world, has a fine place, Rookery Park, near Yoxford, in Suffolk, but his daughter preferred the idea of a London wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Her bridegroom is Flight-Lieutenant Maurice Hare. In adopting the Air Force as a career he is departing from family traditions, for his father is Major-General Sir Steuart Hare, who was Colonel Commandant the 2nd Battalion of the King's Royal Rifle Corps.

For her bridal retinue Miss Hambling had chosen two of Lady Congleton's five daughters—the two elder ones—Mary and Jean Parnell, and Lord and Lady Remnant's small boy, Peter, for a page. The entire procession was to be dressed all in white except for the flowers carried. Ivory satin was decided upon for the bride's dress, with a lovely old family Brussels lace veil arranged as a cap and then falling over the train in soft cascades.

MISS MARY WHISKARD, *only daughter of Sir Geoffrey Whiskard, High Commissioner for the United Kingdom in Australia, and Lady Whiskard, of Canberra House, Canberra, whose engagement to Mr. William Sommerville, elder son of Mr. William Sommerville, was recently announced.*

The wedding of a very youthful bridegroom was arranged to take place yesterday at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. He is Mr. John Cavendish, son and heir of Lord Chesham, and he only reached his majority in June, but it was only celebrated at Latimer House, Chesham, Bucks, last week. His bride is Miss Mary Marshall, who also chose white for her attendants, but with blue under-dresses to give a touch of colour to the procession.

The HON. JOHN CAVENDISH, *Lord Chesham's son and heir, with* MISS MARY MARSHALL *at his coming-of-age celebrations at Latimer House, Bucks. His marriage to Miss Marshall was arranged to take place yesterday (September 28). He was presented with a canteen of cutlery by the tenants on the estate.*

Fresh from the Highland Gatherings in the North, visitors to the first really representative Highland Gathering in London, which will take place at Ranelagh to-day, will be able to compare notes. It will be something of an innovation to see competitors all in kilts, and to have many of the champions of the Games in Scotland competing as far south as London, as well as several of the best pipe bands of Scotland to provide the music. It should give those who have never had the chance of attending a real Highland Gathering a real thrill.

One of Queen Mary's first public appearances this autumn will be at a City function. This will be the Children's Party at the Mansion House, which takes place to-morrow. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress have thrown open their official home for the party, at which the children will present purses to the Queen Mother in aid of the Great Ormond Street Hospital. Once their duties over, the children will be able to enjoy a Punch and Judy show, conjuring, and other delights dear to their hearts.

. . . . . .

A Priestley *première* is certainly a plus night, and the Royalty enclosed so many people back from their holiday and so vociferous at meeting their old friends again, that the foyer and the passage in the interval after the first act were quite blocked, and the rise of the curtain was delayed for quite ten minutes as one simply could not move either forwards or backwards, and it took a humorous stallite to restore order by calling out: "Pass along there, please" in the best manner of the Metropolitan Police!

Many habitual first-nighters were back again, including Sir "Eddie" Marsh. Marie Tempest, as *soignée*-looking as ever, was holding a court between the acts, and in the stalls it was pleasant to see the unmistakable profile of the film-star Leslie Howard. Miss Dodie Smith, in a very becoming dress of scarlet, had quite a little crowd round her. After repeated and enthusiastic calls for "Author!" Mr. J. B. Priestley faced the audience and stated that he was only making a speech because he was going off shortly for some months abroad, and that he was very lucky in his "discovery" of an actor—Mr. Wilfred Lawson—for whom he had the greatest admiration! Mr. Lawson returned the compliment by saying that he was equally lucky in having "found" a playwright.

. . . . .

Now to treat of Art matters. The Redfern Gallery will no doubt be very crowded to-morrow (Thursday), when the exhibition of Mr. Stuart-Hill opens, and his very many friends hope he will be well enough to be present himself. He is such a very popular personality and has been greatly missed during his long absence from town. All his pictures are of the many London bridges, and I was told at the Gallery that he was going to treat the Paris bridges in the same manner had he not been unfortunately prevented by illness from doing so.

Modernist Barbara Hepworth has a show of abstract sculpture on this week, which marks the beginning of the autumn season at the Lefèvre Gallery, and at the same gallery Douglas Percy Bliss's exhibition opened. His name must not be entirely connected in your mind with his satires on Old Masters, because he has really gone quite academic—or, rather, merely reverted to his sober vein—and you will see a mixed grill of serious landscapes and sober still lives.

An interesting exhibition next month will be the first one-man show of Mr. Sydney Lee, R.A., at Colnaghi's. The Treasurer and a Trustee of the Royal Academy, Mr. Lee is probably best known as an oil painter of mountains and rocks, and this exhibition will consist entirely of aquatints, colour wood-cuts, and etchings of landscapes and architectural subjects. Mr. Lee has just returned from a painter's holiday in Switzerland, but the weather was not too good from an artist's point of view. He is now up at Durham, busy on his second L.N.E.R. poster.

While art shows in London have been a rarity this month, in Paris one of the most successful exhibitions ever held there is just drawing to a close. This is the El Greco show at the Beaux Arts, which has been visited by thirty thousand people since it opened at the end of June. It was due to close at the end of August, but this has been twice postponed, and there is a chance that it may be prolonged into October. The special feature of the collection are nine superb El Grecos lent by King Carol of Rumania. They originally came from the Louis Philippe collection.

MARIEGOLD.

MISS DOROTHY NORTH, *daughter of the late Hon. Dudley North and of the Hon. Mrs. North, after her marriage to* MR. R. A. C. GRAHAM, *third son of the late Capt. Graham and of Lady O'Donnell, came out of St. James's, Spanish Place, a smiling bride.*

He returns to London at the end of this month to work on preparations for the Royal Academy's Winter Exhibition—Seventeenth-Century Art in Europe. This is due to open on Jan. 3, and will be the first time the R.A. has held an exhibition of a definite period, instead of devoting the show to one particular nation. It will include sculpture, tapestry, furniture, and other specimens of domestic art as well as pictures, and the present plan is to group the exhibits under nations as far as possible, so that visitors will be able to get an impression of the whole artistic setting of each country in the seventeenth century.

Most of the exhibits come from English sources, and the magnificent works of art of this period in private hands are expected to cause a great deal of surprise. Charles I. and his courtiers started the collecting fever in England, and it has gone on ever since in the great families, whose houses still contain masterpieces by many artists whose work is almost unrepresented in the public collections.

MISS CHRISTINA HILARY HOLMES, *eldest daughter of Mr. H. O. Holmes, K.C., Procureur-General, Mixed Court of Appeal, Alexandria, and of Mrs. Holmes, was married to* LIEUT. CHRISTOPHER HAYWARD WELLS, R.N., *second son of Mr. S. R. Wells, M.P., and of Mrs. Wells, of Felmersham Grange, Bedfordshire, at St. Mary's Church, Felmersham.*

MR. NIGEL HOARE *and his bride,* MISS CECILIA PORTAL, *youngest daughter of Brig.-Gen. Sir Bertram Portal, Deputy-Lieutenant of Hampshire, and of Lady Portal.*

MISS NITA MELLOR *is here seen with her groom,* MR. J. W. R. MADDEN, *Irish Guards, elder son of the late Lieut.-Col. J. C. W. Madden, after their wedding at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks. The bride is the daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. J. Seymour Mellor.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MR. *and* MRS. FRANCIS FOLEY—FOR TAKING THE NARROW-GAUGE PATH WITH A SINGLE-TRACK MIND AFTER THEIR WEDDING.

MR. A. J. LACEY—FOR WINNING A BIG GOLF PRIZE WITH THE REMARKABLE SCORE OF 277 OVER A "REAL TIGER'S COURSE."

AFTER their wedding, MR. and MRS. FRANCIS FOLEY attended a reception in the grounds of the Zoo at Chessington, Surrey. This included a round trip on the miniature railway.

AT Bend Oregon, U.S.A., the heart of the great Western deer-hunting country, hundreds of deer are killed annually. The hunters this year elected as Queen of the Deer-hunters MISS HELEN IRVINE, because she had the biggest deer-head and the best antlers.

MISS HELEN IRVINE *(left)* *and* THESE OTHER DEER-HUNTERS—FOR BEING QUEEN OF THE DEER-HUNTERS AND HER COURT IN A STRANGE CONTEST.

THE Chemists' Exhibition held at the Albert Hall has triumphantly overcome the "'r' in the month" oyster difficulty. There was exhibited a brand of oyster concentrate by which the "natural organic and mineral riches of the oyster are made available for the treatment of disorders brought about by certain dietary deficiencies." Each bottle of thirty-six tablets contains the equivalent of 1½ dozen pure deep-sea oysters from Foveaux Strait, near the South Island of New Zealand. So, in the paradoxical form of a "pill," you will be able to swallow a dozen of these luscious bivalves in a few gulps—a method which will hardly commend itself to gourmets, however much the doctor may recommend it.

MR. A. J. LACEY won the Dunlop-Metropolitan Golf Tournament at Wentworth Golf Club, Virginia Water, with an aggregate of 277 for the 72 holes—a very fine score. He beat Patrick Mahon, who was second with 282, and Henry Cotton, third with 283.

THE time-honoured custom of launching a ship with a bottle of champagne has been changed by SIR FIROZ KHAN NOON, High Commissioner for India, who launched the passenger- and pilgrim-carrying steamer *El Medina* with a cocoanut instead. The ship is an addition to the Indian merchant navy, which is being strengthened.

SIR FIROZ KHAN NOON—FOR LAUNCHING A SHIP WITH A COCOANUT INSTEAD OF A BOTTLE.

THIS LADY—FOR BEING ABLE TO EAT OYSTERS IN TABLET FORM IN ANY MONTH THAT HASN'T AN "R" IN IT.

"MILA AUX RUBANS."

FROM THE PAINTING BY MARIETTE LYDIS (COUNTESS GOVONE), EXHIBITED AT COLNAGHI'S IN MAY—JUNE 1937.

A WALTZ FROM VIENNA.

FROM THE DRAWING BY HAGEL.

THE JOHN DEWARS AT HOME AT HOMESTALL.

MR. JOHN DEWAR, *with his wife and her daughter by a previous marriage, are here seen at their Sussex home, Homestall, East Grinstead. Mr. Dewar is the well-known racehorse owner whose colt Cameronian won the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby in 1931. He inherited the horse from his uncle, the late Lord Dewar. Mrs. Dewar, whom he married in 1932, is the daughter of Mr. Charles Beart, of Johannesburg.*

THE ALL-BALLET "COQ D'OR," AT COVENT GARDEN.

Just to refresh your memory, originally Rimsky-Korsakov wrote an opera called 'Le Coq d'Or," with book by Bielsky, after a story by Pushkin. In this was incorporated a ballet. Now Fokine has put his genius to it, and made pure ballet of the whole thing. Rimsky-Korsakov's music has been adapted by N. Tcherepchine to fit it. So it has wandered from its origins, but it is brilliant. Here King Dodon (PLATOV) *has come back victorious from the war and the Magician* (ALGERANOV) *lies in a repentant heap at his feet.*

The entrance of the Golden Cockerel (RIABOUCHINSKA).

The Magician (ALGERANOV) *claims the sceptre and orb, but the Queen of Shemakhan* (BARONOVA; *left*) *refuses to give them up.*

SONO OSATO *(left) and* MOROSOVA *are two Visions who visited the King in a dream.*

SONO OSATO *as a Vision.*

This scene is taken from THE FINAL ACT OF THE BALLET.

BALLET IN MUFTI ON "COQ D'OR" FIRST NIGHT.

MLLE. LUBOV ROSTOVA *with cocktail; after "Le Coq d'Or."*

LADY ST. JUST *talking to* TAMARA GRIGORIEVA.

MR. GUY BENSON *with* ALEXANDRA DANILOVA.

SONO OSATO, *the Japanese dancer, with* CAPTAIN BRUCE OTTLEY *and* MR. VICTOR STIEBEL.

Impresario COLONEL DE BASIL, *in whose cap "Le Coq d'Or" has placed another feather; with* ALICE NIKITINA, *who is to dance with Lichine in his new ballet in November.*

MISS JEAN NESBITT *with* YUREK SHABELEVSKI.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN PHILLIPS.

"WINTER HOUSE-PARTY."

LADY ELIZABETH PAGET *was one of the Queen's train-bearers at the Coronation. She is the fourth daughter of Lord and Lady Anglesey.*

SCRAPS FROM THE BEATON SCRAPBOOK.

MISS ELSA MAXWELL. *"Nature's Hostess," she is fa*
in New York, Paris

"NOEL COWARD

us for the extreme originality of her parties nd London.

ELAXES."

" UDAY SHAN KAR BRINGS HIS MUSICIANS."

LADY NUNBURNHOLME *is a Lady-in-Waiting to H.M. the Queen.*

"CECIL BEATON'S SCRAPBOOK" made its début last week. We have borrowed from it these photographs and sketches to give an idea of the versatility of this author - artist - photographer. The serenity of the right-hand portrait and the amusing eccentricity of the centre one are in noteworthy contrast. The pointed, witty articles must be read, and, as you will remember, those relating to film stars were written for and published in *The Sketch*. The book is published by Batsford.

Sacha Guitry's brilliant comedy "Le Roman d'un Tricheur" is now on the screen at the Academy. As Guitry's voice unfolds the story, it is enacted silently. The childish hero (SERGE GRAVE; *top centre*) *has stolen eight sous to buy some marbles. His father, greatly angered, says: "Since you've become a thief, you shan't have any mushrooms."*

His entire family killed by eating the "mushrooms," which are poisonous, the lone boy ponders on the rights and the wrongs of things. He "forms for himself an opinion on justice and theft, which was, perhaps, rather paradoxical, but which," says Sasha, the commentator, "forty years of experience of life has not modified."

After an adventurous life, marrying, cheating at Monte Carlo, he sees in a dream all the figures of his past mocking him—his ex-wife (JACQUELINE DELUBAC); *himself as a boy; the charming thief in one of his former adventures* (ROSINE DEREAN); *himself as a conscript* (PIERRE ASSY); *and the singer at a low café he used to frequent.*

THE KITCHEN: "LE ROMAN D'UN TRICHEUR."

Victor (ADOLPHE MENJOU) *is the owner of a luxurious café—in "Café Metropole" (Gaumont, Haymarket). He learns with pleasure that a wealthy man, Joseph Ridgeway, is coming to Paris with his sister, Margaret, and his daughter, Laura, and wishes a table reserved for his party every night. Alexis* (TYRONE POWER) *is under Victor's thumb, having given him a stumer cheque, and he is forced to agree to a low scheme of deception.*

At the Café Metropole, the Ridgeway party welcome, with every sign of friendliness, Prince Alexis Panaireff, whose manners and eyeglass appeal irresistibly to them, but particularly to the pretty Laura. From left to right: Margaret Ridgeway (HELEN WESTLEY), *Joseph Ridgeway* (CHARLES WINNINGER), *Alexis, and Laura Ridgeway* (LORETTA YOUNG).

At the Café Metropole again—but below-stairs—the false Prince is confronted by the true, who has been earning his living as a waiter in this same café. In order to keep the mystery a mystery, we will leave you to work it out for yourselves, or, better still, to go and see the film, which has been made by Twentieth Century-Fox Films.

THE RESTAURANT: "CAFÉ METROPOLE."

Above, left: Maud Summers (GLORIA DAY) and Bertie Barnes (STANLEY LUPINO), *who enchant all who see "Crazy Days," at the Shaftesbury, he by his delightful clowning and wisecracking, and she by the grace of her dancing.*

Bertie Barnes as the butler at the house which has been forcibly entered by a theatrical producer who wishes to impress his backers.

Bertie Barnes as the butler and Dolly Delroy (MOLLIE FISHER), *the maid, whisper soft nothings to each other.*

Right: Maud Summers and James D. Hooker (LEO FRANKLYN, *taking the part alloted to Laddie Cliff, indisposed), whom she persists in calling her guardian, in spite of his protests at her familiarity.*

"CRAZY DAYS," A GLORIA DAY AND WISECRACKERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAGE PHOTO. CO.

AT THE WINDMILL IN "BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL."

"Bonnet Over the Windmill," which is going strong at the New Theatre, is Dodie Smith's fifth consecutive success. The play deals with a group of young people with various ambitions and love-affairs. One of the scenes is a windmill in Suffolk. (Left to right) Christopher Carson (JAMES MASON), *Brian Morellian* (WILLIAM DOUGLAS HOME), *Billie Lacy* (IVY ST. HELIER; *in window), Dinah Tilney* (GILLIAN MAUDE), *Janet Jason* (ANNE FIRTH), *Anthony Hatton* (PETER COKE), *Simon Hatton* (PETER OSBORN), *and Carola Withers* (BETTY JARDINE).

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

In Marble Halls

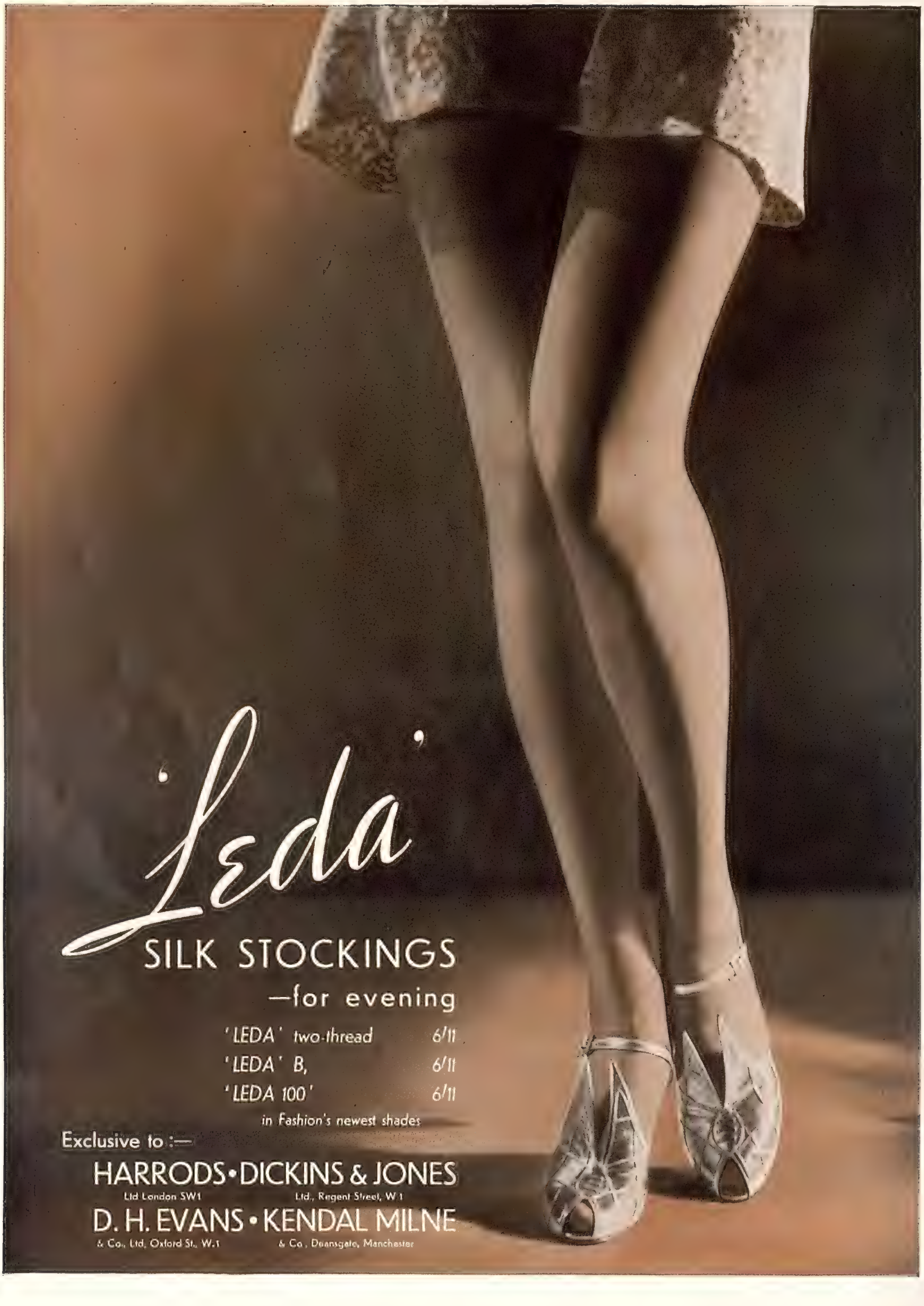
(To the tune of "I dreamt that I dwelt")

I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls
Designed in the very best taste;
There were pictures by Landseer adorning the walls,
And potted palms prettily placed.
There were butlers and flunkeys to do my behest
In a very respectful way;
And I also dreamt, which pleased me best,
That they gave me a Guinness a day.

Its goodness and flavour quite captured my heart,
I was thrilled by its ruby-like gleam;
And then, to my sorrow, I woke with a start
And found it was only a dream.
Yet though palaces, pictures and palms, and the rest
That I dreamt of have vanished away,
I can still have the one thing that pleases me best—
I can still have a Guinness a day.

A Guinness a day is good for you

G.E. 681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"LOVELY TO LOOK AT"— AS USUAL: SONJA HENIE, FILM STAR.

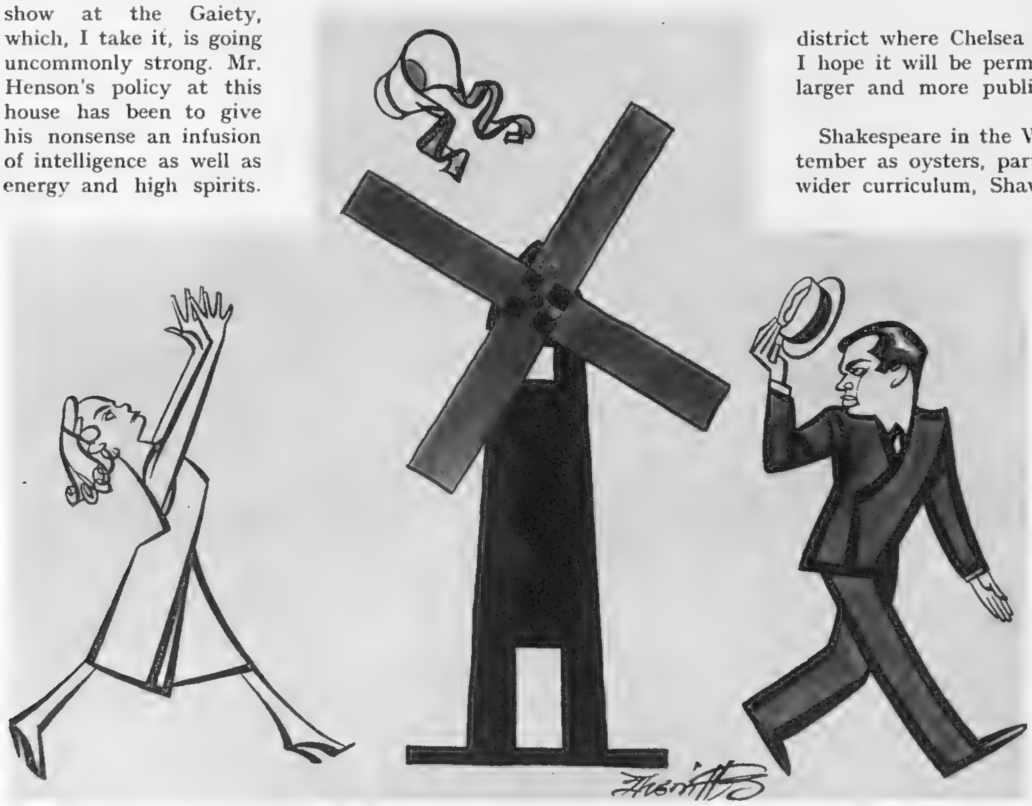
The acting of incomparable skater SONJA HENIE *shows great improvement in her new Twentieth Century-Fox film* "LOVELY TO LOOK AT," *in which Tyrone Power is her co-star. She plays skating instructress Lili, whose romance with a politician causes international complications. The story is familiar, but it has much comedy and magnificent ice-rink scenes. The picture showing Sonja with a load of flowers was taken at a pre-view of the film.*

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By IVOR BROWN.

IT was old advice to be wary of the Greeks when carrying gifts. But nobody need be afraid of Mr. Leslie Henson in his new Hellenic aspect. His gifts are as superb as ever, chief among them the capacity to freshen up his fun and avoid the comedian's too common belief, natural to players of nap, that five tricks are enough. When Mr. Henson has taken five, he thinks of a new one, and takes that—and then some. "GOING GREEK" is the name of the new show at the Gaiety, which, I take it, is going uncommonly strong. Mr. Henson's policy at this house has been to give his nonsense an infusion of intelligence as well as energy and high spirits.



"BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL," *at the New, seen by Sherriffs. Janet Jason* (ANNE FIRTH) *has, for reasons best known to herself, dedicated her being to the stage. In furtherance of her art she tosses her bonnet over the windmill in the company of Kit Carson* (JAMES MASON), *the playwright—not the pony express rider—who is shown raising his bonnet in a gesture of farewell.*

He believes—and very few other comedians appear to share his faith—that a joking reference to affairs and personalities outside the theatre will be understood by the English public. The Parisian drolls habitually assume that their audience is thoroughly educated and knows the names of authors and artists as well as politicians. Mr. Henson would not go as far as that. But he goes some of the way: he credits us with a little general knowledge and encourages Mr. Douglas Furber to contribute lines for grown-ups to his text.

Once more Mr. Henson appears as a star rather than as the star. His collateral supports are, as before, Mr. Fred Emney and Mr. Richard Hearne. And what could be fairer than that? Mr. Emney becomes more monosyllabically menacing, more gargantuanly glum with every appearance. He is now a sort of Baron Gruffanuff in a Greek kilt, a bandit of rare bulk and with the eye-glass of a dude. Mr. Hearne, on the other hand, is an acrobat, infinitely collapsible on land and a human javelin in the air, whom anybody might toss through a window, with harm only to the window. Mr. Hearne has been touched by some Olympian goddess and hurtles invulnerable through the scenery of "Going Greek."

The music is a sufficient vehicle for the genuine graces of Miss Louise Browne, Mr. Roy Royston, and Miss Mary Lawson. Since Greece gave us the name "Terpsichore," let us allot to this Terps Trio all the palms and laurels customarily doled out at the classic games and goings-on. To Mr. Henson, of course, goes the Pancration, which has nothing to do with one's innards or a railway station, but is the ancient prize for victory in all departments, vocal, athletic, and dramatic. So here's to Bonnie Leslie, with a hey nonny nonny, a crown of wild olive, and none of your tame gardenias! Advice to the public: Go Greek.

Among recent light entertainment was a little revue at the Arts Theatre Club called "COPYRIGHT RESERVED." The authors need not bother too much about piracy: no one is going to steal the copyright of some of their items. But there were one or two really good things—a law court sketch, called "Expert Witness," which had a glorious absurdity and really did satirise the art of cross-examination as carried on by counsel who are ingenious as well as learned. Mr. Edward Lexy and Mr. Erik Chitty did especially well in this. The rest was well assisted by two industrious and captivating comediennes, Miss Queenie Leonard and Miss Vera Lennox (they were grandly amusing as Actresses' Children), and, above all, by the elegant naughtiness of Mr. Edward Cooper. Mr. Cooper, with a song, a piano, and sophistication's smile, can justify all the liberties he takes. He has, as a rule, witty things to say or sing, and if they are not witty, he has wit enough to make them seem so. He contributes one sketch, called "Parties," in which, as an æsthetic young man in a beard ("Early Peter Godfrey," he calls it), he beautifully satirises all the blither and the blah of the district where Chelsea marches with Mayfair. This is a real gem, and I hope it will be permitted to shine in some revue with a chance of a larger and more public life.

Shakespeare in the Waterloo Road used to be as much a part of September as oysters, partridges, and going back to school. Now, with a wider curriculum, Shaw and others may share the Bard's place. The Old Vic is—or ought to be—very much on its mettle this year. For have not its kind friends been saying that here is our National Theatre? So why waste money in South Kensington when a spot more endowment in the Waterloo Road would be so welcome and so effective? To which some dare to whisper that the Old Vic is not impeccable and that the junction of the New Cut and the Waterloo Road is not an ideal site for a house which is to be visited by eminent strangers and augustly regarded as the National Temple of Thespis. So eyes are turned Vic-wards, and Miss Baylis and Mr. Guthrie have seen to it that there shall be something easy to look at, at this crucial starting moment, as well as something lively (of the non-Shakespearean kind), so that people who cannot bear the Bard can have a light evening's entertainment and yet feel that they are being a bit cultural, as befits the Old Vic.

The tactful choice, then, was Mr. Shaw's "PYGMALION." This introduces Miss Diana Wynyard, which makes looking-on a very easy and agreeable exercise, for her picture of Eliza Doolittle is as prettily, wittily gay as any flower in the Covent Garden baskets or as any flower of speech in the Shavian text. It introduces also Mr. Robert Morley, whose Higgins is full of character, voluble, and exciting, and Mr. Jay Laurier, whose comic attack is tremendous as the Happy Dustman and Spokesman of the Undeserving Poor. With such as Miss Jean Cadell, Miss Dora Gregory, and Mr. Stephen Murray playing minor parts, the cast has great strength and authority, and the rendering of the comedy is twice as sure-footed as when I saw it at Buxton, where the Old Vic had a most prosperous "pre-season." The smoothness of the first night in London was the reward of their labours in the Peak.

Her art being presumably all the better for the experien intended for white roses — the gift of Kit, whose love. Anthony Hatton (PETER COKE)*—a faithful hound—wishf wear it? The bonnet, of course, doesn't fit any more, ar wasting his time. But natures like Anthony's are not to speaking, his bonnet is firm*

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

WITH foreign honours thick upon it—the Gold Cup won at the International Film Exposition in Venice first and foremost—"VICTORIA THE GREAT" has arrived at the Leicester Square Theatre, where it will no doubt hold the screen for many weeks to come. For this is a spacious picture, treated with dignity and firmly moulded into a harmonious whole. Herbert Wilcox, producer and director, was confronted with a formidable task imposed by the nature of his subject, nothing less than a complete chronicle of one of the longest and most momentous reigns in history. He has solved its inherent difficulties by filling his vast and crowded canvas with a pattern of simple and somewhat formal outline which, in its smooth development, picks up easily and without distortion all the major incidents of the Victorian Era. The picture is necessarily episodic, presenting a well-ordered cavalcade of historic personages and happenings. Its decorous statements, even when they involve the private life of Victoria and Albert, preserve a precision that has not the intimacy or, until the final episode is reached, the moving quality of the Housman play. But its sobriety conveys the impression of absolute truth, strengthened as it is by the authentic detail of its splendid settings. Statesmen come and go, laws are repealed and made, the first steam train carries the royal honeymooners at the alarming speed of fifteen miles an hour. Trouble brews in Ireland and in London, the echo of war reverberates whilst, through it all, the steadfast purpose of the Queen and her Prince Consort burns with an unfaltering flame, a beacon bravely upheld by Anna Neagle, whose Victoria is a gracious lady, studied with meticulous care, and Anton Walbrook who, as Prince Albert, has—and takes—the opportunity to infuse more warmth, more humour, into a fine portrait. They are surrounded by a distinguished company whose characterisations are swiftly and admirably established. Melbourne, Palmerston, Peel, Disraeli, and many other men of the moment come to life in a picture that finds its climax in a blaze of Technicolor to do justice to the Diamond Jubilee of the aged Sovereign nearing the end of her reign. A great story told with an honest appreciation of its greatness by the director, the players, and all concerned in the making of an impressive production.

...e is the forsaken Janet cherishing a bunch of what are ...parently not of the red, red quality. Here, too, is ... report a retrieved bonnet, and, if it fits, would she ... you don't understand why, then Sherriffs has been ...fluenced by considerations of that kind. Metaphorically ...nmed about his ears.

It seems a pity that the hero of "KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOUR" (London Pavilion) should also be a knight without humour. Robert Donat, we know, has a pleasant way with comedy lines, and a jesting spirit would have relieved the persistent gloom in which this drama of escape and pursuit in revolutionary Russia is steeped. The story, if not its background, is romantic and adventurous, not always credible, and certainly capable of being quickened by a lighter touch or two. The director, Jacques Feyder, has, however, preferred to emphasise the stern realities of civil war by punctuating the narrative with the repeated slaughter of prisoners. Even the fine photography of Harry Stradling strikes a sombre note, though the Russian settings are solid, often handsome, and sufficiently convincing. The story starts with a glimpse of Ascot in 1913; I cannot tell you why, except that her Ascot frock is vastly becoming to Marlene Dietrich. Forthwith it plunges into darkest Russia, to scamper rather jerkily through a young English novelist's early trials in the Secret Service. He is sent to Siberia, whence he emerges into the thick of the revolution and becomes assistant to a Commissar. As such, he is able to befriend the lovely Countess Alexandra after her arrest, and together they embark on a perilous pilgrimage, menaced by Reds and Whites alike, harried and hunted, but fortified by love, until they head for freedom on an American Red Cross train. Their vicissitudes have their moments of suspense, acute enough to set many pulses beating, and heightened by the director's powerful handling of mass emotion and jostling crowds, but the theme, on the whole, is lacking in variety. Marlene Dietrich in chiffon, in fustian, in a nest of leaves, or a foaming bath, is any knight's ideal of beauty in distress; whilst Robert Donat is a gallant and resourceful cavalier.

". . . SAID O'REILLY TO McNAB" (New Gallery) is a jolly, farcical comedy devised to exploit the sharply contrasted personalities of two comedians, Will Fyffe and Will Mahoney. It is a clever piece of work which, whilst it keeps the stars well in the limelight, never creates the impression of a succession of "turns." The duel of wits even extends to vocal and terpsichorean competition, but song and dance fit neatly into a good story that flirts amiably, absurdly and sometimes satirically with a subject not too far removed from hard reality. The ding-dong fight between a wily Irish-American and a canny Scot runs smoothly through its comic rounds, skilfully guided by the director, William Beaudine, who sets the pace with O'Reilly's impudent get-away from New York, and keeps it going until the genial couple have established a flourishing factory for fake slimming-pills and raked in a fortune. O'Reilly, a glib and smiling swindler, keeps just one pace ahead of the sturdy McNab in their glorious game of bluff, whose stakes are pleasantly romantic, as well as financial, since young Terence O'Reilly and Mary McNab owe their happiness to the Irishman's winning trick. Will Fyffe's rich burlesque of Gaelic attributes is so shrewdly observed that it has all the quality of a fine character-study; whilst Will Mahoney's début in films reveals him as a slick comedian radiating *bonhomie*. There is, however, yet another McNab to reckon with—wee Jock—a precocious but unscrupulous financier, played by little Robert Gall.

Further heaving of haberdashery at the New Theatre: away back in 1922 Rupert Morellian (CECIL PARKER) *tossed his bonnet over the windmill on account of the charms of Billie Lacy* (IVY ST. HELIER). *No other instance of bonnet-tossing on the part of this impeccable actor-manager can be shown. Fifteen years later, back come the hats and—allowing for the change in modes—as good as new—almost. Rupert is now "Sir Rupert," but Miss Lacy is still "Miss Lacy," although her raven tresses have been somewhat "brightened up," as she says herself.*

Our list of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page VIII.

LAUGHTON, LANCHESTER, AND OCTOPUS IN "VESSEL OF WRATH."

The screen version of Somerset Maugham's "Vessel of Wrath" is the first picture for the newly-formed Mayflower Productions. It is the story of a drunken beachcomber Ginger Ted (CHARLES LAUGHTON), *and Miss Jones, a missionary played by* ELSA LANCHESTER. *(Mrs. Laughton).*

Miss Jones (ELSA LANCHESTER) *finds a real octopus. She has to stumble into a pool and fall on the creature, which was the genuine thing, caught in the South of France in a lobster-pot.*

The South of France can be adapted to make a very good South Sea Island background. The exteriors were filmed at Golfe Juan and at the Bastide Blanche.

The beachcomber, Ginger Ted, takes it easy amid tropical surroundings.

Miss Jones is looking worried.

Ginger Ted and Miss Jones. It will be noted that ELSA LANCHESTER *has not gone in for sunburn. Compare her whiteness with the tanned Laughton.*

Ginger Ted and Miss Jones in complete tropical outfit—quite in keeping with the "South Sea Island" climate!

The Sketch Diary of Fashion

EDITED BY OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

MINK WITH A FLARE

SHADED BEAVER—TRIUMPHANT NEWCOMER

THIS is going to be a great fur year. Paris is crazy about the new shorn beaver, shaded with lighter stripes—and about silver fox worked so that the silvered part forms narrow bands and chevrons. London is heaping cloth coats with so much fur that the only seeming reason for having any cloth is to define the line.

Now is the time to buy if you are going to get a fur coat. And this is most certainly the year to have one if you ever mean to. There is endless variety, in silhouettes as well as in skins, and you can be comfortably, but fashionably, bulky, or narrowly slender, just as you wish.

On this page we have photographed for you a very beautiful mink cape and a youthful-looking shorn beaver coat. Let us study the cape first. In dark natural Canadian mink, the skins are skilfully worked so that the darker markings form an ever-growing horseshoe that is very graceful in effect. It costs 69 guineas and comes from the City Fur Store.

THE coat, three-quarter length, with big raglan sleeves pleated on the shoulders, and with a loose back, is made in shorn beaver shaded from darkest brown to a soft fawn. It is the sort of coat that becomes an heirloom, and it is the big success of this season. The price is 95 guineas, and this, too, comes from the City Fur Store, of 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.4. There you will find first-quality furs of every type at prices that are remarkably moderate. They will be glad to send their new illustrated catalogue of autumn and winter furs if you will let them have your address.

DRAMA

JOHN EVERARD

IF you like to make a grand entrance, wear a cape this winter. They are evening favourites, and they are made in warm, smooth fabrics.

Bruyère's fascinating raisin-coloured cape, made in a velour cloth that is as rich as velvet, is shown in two pictures on this page. It fastens down the front, just above the waist, and at the back there is a grand box-pleat which falls loosely from neck to hem.

It comes from Liberty's, of Regent Street, where it can be copied in almost any colour for only nine guineas.

THIS is a year when fashion smiles on little coats. They are always indispensable, anyway, but now they are news as well. On the right is an altogether charming model in tinsel georgette, lightly draped, and fastened down the front with gold clips. The delicate flower colourings gleam palely through gold. This, too, comes from Liberty, where it costs 4½ guineas.

JOHN EVERARD

ROMANCE

IT would be a sad thing for the very young if romance was made up of money instead of dreams. As it is, with the Débutante Department at Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, W., to help them, the money side of things almost takes care of itself. Look at the frock in this picture. See how graciously the skirt sweeps from the slender waist; how closely moulded is the bodice beneath the wide stitched off-the-shoulder band. It is made in slipper satin, heavy and lustrous, in white, in black, in a heavenly blue, and lots of other colours. And the price, believe it or not, is 70s.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

MR. H. G. WELLS'S new novel, "Brynhild," might be described as a study in façades. The three chief characters are all, in varying degrees, in search of a front, an appearance they can turn to the world. But their motives in seeking it differ enormously.

In the case of Mr. Rowland Palace, the distinguished critic and "liberator" of literary opinion, the need was æsthetic in origin. He was horrified by some photographs of himself to which the Press had given great publicity. He was portrayed presenting a prize for poetry to a little girl at a May Day Festival. He was dressed for the part—over-dressed, as it turned out—

The scarlet robe wasn't a bit splendid. It was just a big, dark robe obviously much too big for him and making him look stumpy—"stumpy" was the only word for it. The fillet of gold was askew, if ever it had been straight; it came down over his forehead and rested over one eye-brow. The bay-leaves were crooked, too; they gave him dark, pointed ears. His genial expression was dreadfully overdone. (That, perhaps, was his own fault.) The harp got in edgeways—obviously pasteboard. He looked like one of the less respectable and less expensively dressed boon companions of the Emperor Nero. Full of wine and wantonness. He looked much more like corrupting the village maiden than handing her a prize. . . .

BETTE COOPER, *aged seventeen, a blue-eyed blonde whom the Judges selected as "Miss America, 1937" at the Great National Contest held at Atlantic City, New Jersey. She entered the contest as "Miss Bertand Island," and comes from Hackettstown, New Jersey. She is here seen in her regal robes, holding the cup she won.*

Hitherto Mr. Palace had been a man of almost consciously delicate feelings, shunning publicity, except as it came to him legitimately through his work. But if he must cut a figure in the public eye, at least let it be a figure which corresponded to the man he was, not a vulgar caricature. The problem, which he did not confide to his wife Brynhild, nagged at him till it became an obsession. At last he decided to employ the services of a publicity agent, and Mr. Immanuel Cloote came into his life. Mr. Cloote, a gentleman of Polish extraction, had all the qualities of vigour, pep, and go that his employer lacked. He entered into the scheme with a zest that frightened Mr. Palace—

"I love all this," said Mr. Cloote. "I love it. I am a born Yes-Man. When other babies were saying 'Pa-Pa,' 'Ma-Ma,' I must have been saying 'Ya-Ya.' Loyalty is a secretion with me. It oppresses me. It has to be discharged."

And one of the ways of discharging it was by belittling, denigrating, and generally poking fun at a rival author, Mr. Alfred Bunter.

The Rival. Mr. Bunter had recently risen to fame as the author of several rough, tempestuous, angry novels. How the growth of his reputation could have menaced that of Mr. Palace, who worked with different instruments in another field, I do not quite see: but let that pass. Mr. Bunter had reasons far more urgent than Mr. Palace's for wishing to present a certain façade to the world. He was, as he reveals in his confession to Brynhild, not Mr. Bunter at all; he was David Lewis, son of a Cardiff solicitor; he had assumed his present name because, if certain facts came out, he would be "wanted" by the police for bigamy and possibly for murder. The façade which Mr. Cloote, in all ignorance of its true nature, wanted to blow up was of almost life and death importance to him.

Brynhild and the Female Will. It is Brynhild who brings these two façades into personal and dramatic relationship. Hitherto she had been content with the rôle, to which her face and figure admirably suited her, of a "Quiet Lovely." She had no gift or inclination for conversation; she had no children; she had no interests and activities other than those involved in being the wife of a famous critic. But when Mr. Palace, never a very rewarding or attentive husband, began, under the influence of his obsession, to withhold from her all conjugal amenities except those that were most obvious and least to her taste, she grew restive. In a long passage of mental stock-taking she reviewed her own position and the position of women generally: she came to the conclusion that the female will differed fundamentally from the male—

The male will was crested and spurred. It was definite and versatile. It leapt out of nothing and took and kept clear shapes. The female will was invincibly obstinate and yet shapeless. It would not do all sorts of things. When it acted, and it could act violently, it did so in response to suggestion. Essentially it was responsive. Normally it lay in wait. It waited for a call. Even when it seemed to be aggressive it was no more than provocative, demanding counter-attack.

[Continued overleaf.

Great consternation followed when Bette Cooper, the newly elected Beauty Queen, left Atlantic City and went off home to "nurse a cold." Here we see the empty throne and regal robes she renounced, while, on the left, are ALICE EMERICK *(Miss Texas), who won second place,* RUTH CONNING *(Miss North Carolina; centre), and* IRMGARD DIETEL *(Miss Miami) waiting patiently for the prize-winner who did not turn up!*

Dine informally . . . in a cloqué lamé blouse with raglan-cut, draped bodice and a slim, bias-cut rayon satin skirt weighted with rows of tucks. The Blouse Salon has both—and lots more—from the new season's collections. Blouse in turquoise, peach, nil, powder, red, black or white. 52/6
Skirt—in black only - - - - - 29/6
Harrods
Harrods Ltd
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Continued.]

The call that liberated Brynhild from her Wagnerian trance came when Alfred Bunter, distracted by the dread of exposure, used her as his confidant. Trying to solve his problem loosened her bondage to the routine of feeling which had robbed her life of reality; loving him completed her freedom. She had found her façade, even if it was, for the time, only the façade of a pregnant married woman deceiving her husband.

"Brynhild" is an immensely lively and entertaining story. I suppose we cannot call it a work of art; it is written in so many moods and at such different levels of seriousness. There is drawing-room comedy (faintly recalling "Maltby and Braxton") in the encounter of the two authors at Lord Valliant Chevrell's country house; there is an exhilarating compound of satire and farce in the portrait of Mr. Cloote and the account of his publicity campaign; there is a detective-story interest, inclining to melodrama, in the sensational career of Mr. Bunter. But, as against these flourishes, we find a sober analysis of the situation between Mr. Palace and his wife, and an almost lyrical rush of feeling in Brynhild's discovery of her love for Bunter. Mr. Wells does not keep this up; the idyll crashes when "she was seized upon hungrily and she yielded herself responsively." And the intermediate passages, when Mr. Wells is not fired by love of words or enthusiasm for ideas, are apt to be flat and commonplace. "Brynhild" is not a work of art, but it is a brilliant entertainment.

ELIZABETH SPRIGGE, *whose new novel, "The Son of the House," has just been published. She made her reputation as a novelist with "The Old Man Dies," which had a great success both here and in America. In private life, she is the wife of Mr. Mark Napier (brother of Alan Napier, the actor) and lives in Canada with her husband and two children. Her father, the late Sir Squire Sprigge, was Editor of the "Lancet," and a former Chairman of the Society of Authors.*

"Man's Estate."

This is a novel which has not only form, but—a rarer element in the fiction of to-day—plot. One reason why "plots" are unpopular with novelists is that they are often founded on, or lead to, improbability. Miss Ince's does not quite escape this danger. It is not impossible, but it is improbable, that a man and woman, after one or two brief meetings, should fall lastingly in love, and pass years in vain and patient waiting for a sign from each other. But Miss Ince gives the situation all the plausibility she can, and I must say it never worries us. Philip Merricombe felt himself debarred from communicating with Meg, because she was engaged (how nominally he did not realise) to his friend and childhood's idol, Meredith. She could give him no hint of her feelings, first because she was a woman, secondly because she was bound (how firmly we never quite know) by formal ties to Meredith, and thirdly because their paths never crossed. She lived in Chelsea among artists and Bohemians; he managed his estate in Norfolk, which, with his rôle of peacemaker between his widowed mother and his unmarried sisters, was a whole-time job. Thus the misunderstanding, or lack of understanding, went on. How Meg passed the time, what hopes and fears she entertained as the fiancée of the erratic, brilliant, tormented, and rather sinister Meredith, we can only surmise. Miss Ince's story is about Philip—Philip with horse and dog and gun, with estate agent and farm labourer, a solid and useful feature of the Norfolk landscape, and withal a modest, estimable, likeable young man. And sensitive, too; for, perhaps owing to the feminine influences of his upbringing, he always preserved a respect for and a puzzled awareness of the feelings of people quite unlike himself. The child is father of the man, and Miss Ince's long, detailed account of his early years shows him to have been, in his demonstrative, affectionate, and rather tearful fashion, a delightful little boy. The penultimate scene, in which he "tries out" his chivalry on a rival far too disappointed, angry, and at odds with life to appreciate it, is finely conceived and written. Altogether this is an exceptional book, and a book whose slightly gushing and effervescent surface conceals much depth of feeling and knowledge of the human heart. Miss Ince was wise, perhaps, to leave half her story in shadow. Meredith lurking behind locked doors in his Paris flat is probably more convincing than he would have been if dragged into the daylight.

JOHN BROPHY, *the well-known author, had a varied career before he turned novelist. He ran away from school at the age of fourteen, enlisted in the King's Regiment, and served in France and Belgium. He was for two years a schoolmaster in Egypt, and he has also worked in a general store and written advertising "copy." His latest work, "Behold the Judge," dealing with a murder trial from the Judge's point of view, was published last week.*

GREY OWL *is in England once more, on a three months' campaign devoted to the preservation of animal life, and he has stated that it was also the only way that he could possibly reply to all the letters he has received at Beaver Lodge, Saskatchewan. He has been officially styled the Protector of Wild Life in Canada. He has also become a Scout and, consequently, he wears the feather in his hair more erect, not as in Lavery's picture.*

The Débutante's Progress.

"Jacinth" is the story of a débutante's progress from her arrival in England, fashionably "finished" by Mme. Vervier, through all the splendours and miseries, the ardours and endurances of the season, to a universally applauded engagement with a nice, solid, plain young man. Her confidant and occasionally her chaperon in the long tale of social encounters is her maternal uncle, Simon; and he it is who tells us her story, and, incidentally, something of his own. She could

[*Continued on page* viii.

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FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

SOMETIMES I wonder if putting is taking too great a part in the game of golf. In almost every big tournament and championship, the winner has generally been the competitor who putted best. When Henry Cotton produced his wonder round of 71 to win the Open Championship at Carnoustie, he saved a great many shots with his putter. When Robert Sweeny won the Amateur title, he putted magnificently. Looking at more recent events, it is no exaggeration to say that Percy Alliss won the match-play championship at Stoke Poges because of his accurate putting. Throughout this tournament, on the beautiful course of the Stoke Poges Club near Slough, Alliss never once took three putts. Those who have followed the career of Alliss will know that only his indifferent putting has robbed him of all the greatest honours in golf. With the idea of trying anything once, Alliss borrowed a putter offered him by Colonel Walker, the genial club secretary, when he went to Stoke Poges to practise. The putter seemed to have some magic about it which enabled Alliss to coax the ball into the hole from long distances, while he could never miss the hole from a yard, which is usually a fatal distance for him. Through the green there was nothing to choose between Alliss and James Adams, the Hoylake professional, whom he beat in the final, but there was little doubt about which of the two held the mastery on the putting greens.

MRS. H. ARMSTRONG *(with shield) is the new* LADY AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION *of Northern India. She beat* MRS. GIBB *by 8 and 6 on the Upper Course at Gulmarg, Kashmir. This means almost mountaineering, for the holes and the tees are divided by hilly ground which is rather breath-taking in that rarefied air, Gulmarg being 9000 feet above sea-level.*

Just Psychology. Something of the same sort happened to Cotton. He had a bad year, for him, last season, because his putting would not work. He tried many putters and practised for hours without noticeable effect. And then, one day, he borrowed a putter from a lady member of his club, and this solved all his difficulties. When I talked to the lady about her putter, she said : " I have lost that for ever—he will never part with it." The putter has brought Cotton as many successes as did Alfred Padgham's putter last year. I recall that something of the sort happened to me when Abe Mitchell was at his best. I was using on a putting course an old aluminium putter for which I had no particular fancy, but which was working very well on this occasion, when Mitchell asked if he might try the putter. He had been having a spell of bad putting, but immediately began to hole out from everywhere. He asked if he might borrow the club, but I gave it to him, and for years it was his favourite putter, and I hope and believe it brought him many successes.

These instances could be repeated a hundredfold. They may appear to prove that a certain cure for bad putting is to change the putter. That may be right in a few instances, but generally it is not the case. It is all a matter of psychology. If one's long putts go down whilst using a strange putter, the club instils a confidence in the player which nothing else can accomplish. Putting is the simplest of all the shots in golf, but no master can really teach it. He can show you how to stand and how to grip and swing the putter, but he cannot make you hole putts, because more often than not he cannot hole them himself when it comes to tournament play. We have all experienced the terror of facing up to a two-foot putt to win a competition. It looks a mile away ; there are bumps and curves on the line ; the hole appears to be far too small and it seems impossible to get a comfortable grip or stance. And yet an hour or so ago, on the practice green, we may have been knocking in three- or four-yarders with a confidence which was almost nonchalance. All the imaginary difficulties combine to make it almost impossible to hole the putt, and in the end we jab at the ball and send it half-way. Putting is, indeed, dependent almost entirely upon the psychological—in fact, it is 90 per cent. mental. I regard Padgham's prescription for the cure of putting paralysis as the best I have heard. It consists not in trying to get the long putts near or in the hole, but in learning to hole out from about a yard or four feet. The player who wishes to reduce his handicap should quickly achieve his desire in devoting himself to this theory. It is easy to understand why one should improve merely by holing yard putts. If by practice it is possible to gain a complete mastery over the short putts and gain such confidence that one never fails to hole them, the longer putts lose their terrors. Even the approach shots become easier, because there is the certain knowledge that it is almost impossible to fail to get down in two from anywhere on a normal putting-green, and if holing the short ones becomes a habit, their terror is destroyed.

Standard Ball for Championships ? But the days of two putts per green have passed. Nobody can expect to win with 36 putts a round ; something nearer to 30 is the maximum for a winner. Putting has become such an important part of the game because, in first-class golf, there is hardly any use at all for the brassy through the green. One has only to reflect upon last week's tournament at Stoke Poges. This beautiful course, well bunkered and cleverly designed, measures about 6500 yards in length, and yet most of the competitors never used anything more than an iron for any second shot. It is not reasonable to expect golf-courses to be constructed for the giants of the game, but for the majority, the medium-handicap golfer ; but so far as professional golf is concerned, and even first-class amateur play, it seems that golf is becoming a matter of good putting, since the present ball is to the latter class extremely easy to play. I do not know whether the Royal and Ancient Club's meeting this week will consider the ball question, but the time may arrive when a ball specially designed for championships will be compulsory.

Here are the winners of the new golf competition held at Burhill for FAMILY FOURSOMES—*fathers and daughters and mothers and sons in partnership.* CAPTAIN J. R. A. STROYAN *and his daughter* SHEILA *(left) beat* MRS. JOHN BEARD *and her father,* MR. S. A. HARDING *(St. George's Hill), in the final by 7 and 6. Miss Stroyan recently captained the Scottish International team against England ; she has a handicap of 3. She is just sixteen and is still at school.*

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CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"GOT back last night," said Our Stroller. "No; not too good. Rather chilly, and a fair amount of rain. You were better off, I expect, in London."

The two partners looked across him and at one another.

"We have had pretty chilly markets for the holders of stocks and shares," replied the elder, and—

"There 's been a tidy bit of liquidation," added his junior. "You were well out of it, Sir. It began to get on one's nerves, you know."

"But weren't you all bears of stock? Seems to me," said Our Stroller, "that it was just money for jam to be a bear in the markets you 've had. Too easy."

"You ought to have been here, and you would have seen for yourself. On each fall, prices looked so low that it seemed as though they couldn't possibly drop any further."

"But they did," said his partner, gloomily. "And if you happened to make a tenner on a gamble as a bear, it was at the expense of stuff you had in the box."

"Yes: I can understand that the depreciation was heavy. I hope the business you were doing made up for any temporary shrinkage in capital."

"That 's exactly what it failed to do. Everybody got the jitters, and the only trade we saw was in War Loan and sich."

"Not an exciting amount of that, either. One day last week I didn't book a single bargain, and we certainly haven't paid our office expenses this month."

"Never mind," Our Stroller remarked brightly. "You had two or three good years before this, and you can't possibly have spent all the money you made out of me and your other best clients."

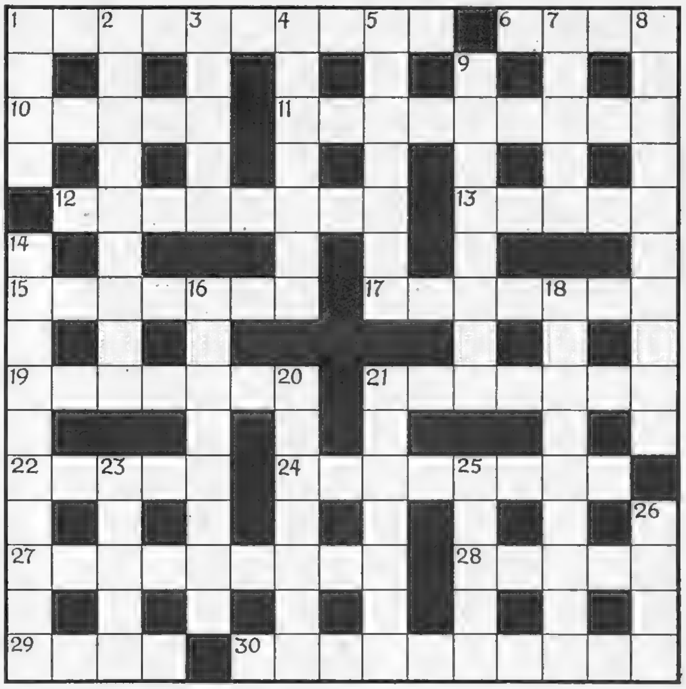
"Did you ever hear of a Stock Exchange man, member or clerk, who realised that good times were sure to be followed by bad ones, and who made provision for a slump? I never met—oh, well, perhaps I did know a few, but the vast majority spend what they make."

"That doesn't apply to appreciation in the value of your investments."

"In a way it does, because if you see your things rising, that is an extra incentive to live up to your income. Or beyond it."

"Taxation doesn't allow you to do that."

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Sound views are essential to its enjoyment (10).
6. With Shaw produced a book for travellers (4).
10. Fruit for a fellow to go after (5).
11. Part of a plan so much above the sea (9).
12. Became dearer when lent (8).
13. Rose's accompaniment may be a constant source of annoyance (5).
15. A vehicle starts to obstruct (7).
17. Her husband made her cross all over the kingdom (7).
19. A famous name in tennis (7).
21. A foreign dish (7).
22. Hamper pain (5).
24. Famous rock suitable for a Lilliputian (8).
27. One priest is sufficient to break in (9).
28. The colour of a Chinese piano (5).
29. If you are all this, your attention is riveted (4).
30. The instrument for an old-fashioned tea-party (hyphen; 6 and 4).

DOWN.

1. If you are killing it, you are not doing anything important (4).
2. Might apply to a sigh or a superannuated cork (hyphen; 4 and 5).
3. A musician places this flower against his neck (5).
4. Clients seem to vary, but this is how the packing clerk prefers them (7).
5. Late (7).
7. Vulgar pelf (5).
8. The part of the house where there 's a row in one of the parties to the marriage (hyphen; 6 and 4).
9. Such beasts half-gasp for breath (8).
14. Lime icicle (10).
16. Saucy once (8).
18. Not used for printing fivers (hyphen; 4 and 5).
20. I 'm one so very disgusting (7).
21. In Germany I am among the remainder, like Crœsus (7).
23. Before noon, it can't be 11.30 (5).
25. A sect in a mix-up means a lot in India (5).
26. When you ask where this is, you imply there 's nothing wrong (4).

"Why not? You have a comfy feeling that when you happen to want money, for taxes or your wife, or any other of Life's Little Ironies, you can sell something at a handsome profit——"

"And leave you none the less well off," his partner declared. "But it 's different when things begin to go the other way."

"By Jove, it is! You manage to make a little money by real hard work, and——"

"Good luck," Our Stroller interpolated.

"That is a help, of course. But it is a devil of a job to make the money, which just rushes down the drain when the markets turn round and leave you high and dry."

"Mixed. If understandable. I wonder what the next turn will be?"

"Tell me that for certain, and I 'm your friend for life."

"I would do anything, of course," answered Our Stroller, "to earn so honourable a title, but as a matter of fact, it 's what I want you to tell me first. Can't I make a fiver out of anything to-day?"

"Another sign of the times!" laughed his broker. "A year ago, the profit of a pony would have appeared a trifling matter in your eyes. And now you ask for a humble five-pound note!"

"Is there any stagging to be done?" Our Stroller enquired. "Last autumn we managed to make a few profits out of new issues. There aren't many prospectuses nowadays, I notice."

"The newspapers must be feeling a difference in that respect. But you ask if there are any new ones coming, eh?"

He leaned over and opened a drawer on the right-hand side of his desk.

"One—two—three," said he, producing three fat bundles of papers in elastic bands. He placed them on the blotting-pad in front of him, and pointed to the "Private and Confidential; proof No.—," that stood at the head of every one of the prospectuses.

"Twenty-two new issues there. And I 'm what you would call only a small man. The big firms must have many more than these. Some are likely to face the public during October and November. Others will have to remain tied-up until such time as Peace returns to the world."

"Then they must be prepared to play patience."

"We see things change very quickly you know," the broker observed. "There 's nothing doing now in the Stock Exchange——"

There obviously was not. Brokers and jobbers alike found time hanging heavily on their hands. Those men were worst off whose pitches lay a matter of yards from any bench to sit upon, or from any desk against which to lean.

"The House sounds quieter than it did when I came here last June," said Our Stroller. "Is this due to what the papers call the American influence?"

"Speaking candidly," the broker replied, "the Press don't do much in the way of helping confidence. Where 's a paper? I saw one lying——"

"You can see that every day—Sundays included. Here 's one." He picked up one of the popular favourites and opened it out.

"Look at those head-lines," he nodded. "Aren't they enough to scare people away from the very idea of buying stocks and shares? You can't expect the public to invest their money, or to speculate with it, when this kind of thing is perpetually sprawled before their eyes."

"It should make a good advertisement for armament and aircraft shares."

"The Government are going to regulate the profits, aren't they?"

"Is that why aircraft shares have been flat?"

"Let 's ask," said the broker. "What 's making your market so dull?" he enquired of a dealer.

"Liquidation. A lot of shares have been sold here lately, and we 've not had too much support from the public."

[Continued on page vi.

This England . . .

(*Near Redmarley—Gloucestershire*)

LET us be thankful for clouds. Let us remember that the blue we crave can, at a month's end, prove more pitiless, more deadening than the downpours of our "February fill-dyke." The great cloud galleons enhance the blue — and give us the green; add gaiety to a March morning and purple majesty to the close of day. And when they decant "upon the place beneath," that you are there is an accident; that the flowers and grass, the barley and the hops are there, is of design. For your enrichment, for your comfort, the rain falls — to give you fine cattle, good crops . . . and Worthington. Yes, let there be clouds.

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MOTOR DICTA.

By H. E. SYMONS.

THE London Casino may, at first sight, seem a strange place in which to hold a motor-trade dealers' convention. The Ford Motor Company, however, is nothing if not original, and selected this popular rendezvous in order that they might present the new Ford "Eight" in a strikingly novel manner. Amidst considerable applause, the new car emerged from a giant sea-shell, apparently in the depths of the ocean.

Arlington Row, a perfect example of Cotswold stonework, was restored by a party of artists and has since been taken over for preservation by the National Trust. Rich Americans have from time to time tried to buy these cottages in order to ship them to the United States. The car is a 1½-LITRE M.G. FOLDING FOURSOME, *which costs £351.*

The new FOUR-CYLINDER "12/70" ALVIS FOUR-DOOR SALOON, *the price of which is £435.*

This new small Ford succeeds the famous "Popular" model, of which I understand 200,000 have been made and sold in the last five years. It is, however, longer and wider, provides ample room for four adults, besides possessing adequate luggage accommodation. A flat floor, body-conformity seating, tubular-frame front seats, and an entirely new system of fully-compensated brakes are outstanding points. Economy is one of the great features of the new Ford "Eight," and the tax is only £6 per annum. It is a most attractive small car, selling at £117 10s., while in de luxe form with numerous additional refinements, the price is £10 more. Fundamentally, of course, the new model retains all the tried and tested features of its predecessors. The engine is still the 933 c.c. four-cylinder side-valve unit, although it is now carried on rubber at four points instead of three. The inlet and exhaust valves are permanently adjustable and need no attention between engine overhauls, while the three-bearing crankshaft is of specially hard cast steel, an exclusive Ford material.

The new braking system is of the mechanical fully-compensated type, equal pressure on all four drums being assured. The brakes come on at the lightest pressure, and can be adjusted, if necessary, in a few minutes without jacking up the wheels. Another good point is a bumper jack, which avoids the need for grovelling under the axles when wishing to change a wheel. The saloon de luxe is fitted with illuminated direction-indicators of the self-cancelling type, dual windscreen-wipers, a sun-visor with a vanity mirror mounted in the back, and a metal spare-wheel cover. It is available in three attractive body colours.

The Ford "V-8 22" has been improved and is roomier than ever. It sells at £240. The luggage-space has been much increased, and there is 3 in. more leg-room in the rear compartment, besides increased head-room.

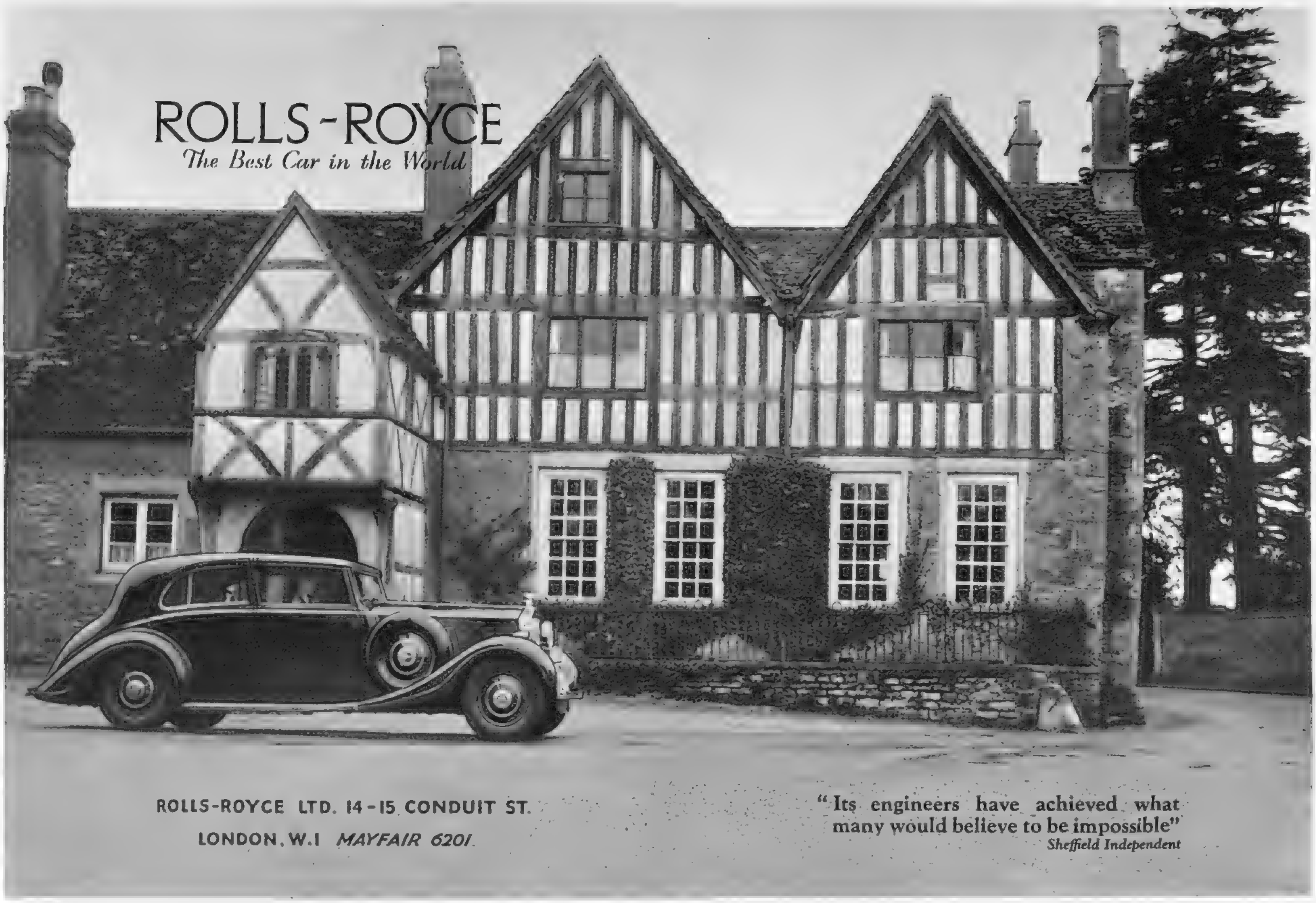
A NEW FOUR-CYLINDER ALVIS.

The announcement of the return of the Alvis Company to the four-cylinder market was made at a charming luncheon-party at the Savoy, an occasion resembling far more a private party of a few friends than a motor-trade function. Everybody knows of the wonderful cars of the four-cylinder type which were turned out by the Alvis Company from 1923 until about a year ago. Four-cylinder enthusiasts beat their breasts and tore their hair in grief at the thought that Alvis had gone "all six-cylinder." Unknown to them, however, Alvis engineers were busy on a new and better four-cylinder model, and this now makes its bow to the public in the style of the "12/70." It is a short, four-cylinder car with excellent steering lock, light controls, and perfect visibility. It is one of the smartest cars that the Alvis Company has ever turned out and has been designed especially for our crowded modern roads. It is easy to park and handy in traffic, yet it has terrific acceleration, really high speed capabilities, and perfect road-holding.

A low power-to-weight ratio has been obtained by fitting an engine of 1842 c.c. capacity into a chassis with a wheelbase of 8 ft. 10 in. and track of 4 ft. 2 in. Although on test this new car has shown itself capable of exceeding 80 m.p.h., the manufacturers wisely decided that under existing conditions rapid acceleration is more important than sheer speed, and they have consequently fitted a reasonably low top-gear. It is interesting to note that the new Alvis engine with a normal compression ratio develops more than 20 per cent. greater power than the highly-tuned Alvis racing cars of a few years ago. Modern methods of rubber engine suspension, a system pioneered, I understand, by the Alvis Company, damps out the last trace of vibration, so that it would take a clever man to tell that he was not travelling in a six-cylinder car.

Certainly the lines of the "12/70" Alvis are extremely attractive, low and sleek, yet eminently practical. Four persons can travel in comfort, and there is adequate luggage accommodation; the price has been fixed at £435 as a saloon and £445 in the form of a very smart drop-head coupé. It is interesting to note that the price of the new model is considerably below that of the last four-cylinder Alvis to be produced, which was listed at £570.

An interesting successor to the "Popular" Ford, one of the best-known of British light cars, is the attractive new FORD "EIGHT" *produced at Dagenham. As this picture shows, graceful and spacious bodywork distinguishes the new car, which has accommodation for luggage, body-conformity seating, and many other design features for comfort. New braking, an improved engine of the type that has been in production for five years, and easy-clean wheels are points of the chassis.*



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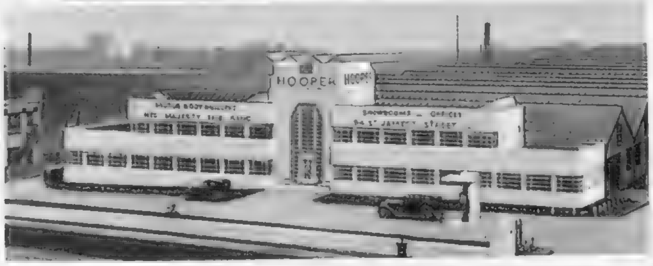

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BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCXVIII.

THIRD-HAND MINOR SUIT BIDS.

As I was saying last week, we now have a few more or less new conventions at the play of the cards, none of much practical use, since our partners cannot be expected to know it; so there are one or two bidding conventions, good, no doubt, in their way, but what 's the good of them when again partner does not understand them? Let us consider Hal Sims' "Tactical Minor Suit Bids." These are reserved for third-in-hand bidding, and I like them. They are artificial bids, and although I dislike artificial bids in general, still I like them. Sims also dislikes artificial bids—at least, he dislikes the word "artificial"—so he calls these bids, which *are* artificial, "strategic," and in that way levels things up. Now I particularly like these third-in-hand bids because they are of a defensive type, and as I have written a couple of articles suggesting the use of opening defensive bids as a necessary side issue to contract bridge, I am only too delighted to see that such an authority as Hal Sims has forestalled me in the proposition, although he only puts it up for third-in-hand, while I would put it up for first, second, *and* third bidder.

When first and second hand pass, certain contract experts in this country thought it reasonable to assume that fourth player must hold a bumper, and, consequently, when third player found himself without anything worth talking about, he was advised to jump in with a "psychic" or high pre-emptive bid with the object of pushing this fourth bidder (with the bumper hand) if not right out of the bidding, at least into a less confident condition, thus killing his potential (and probable) slam, and at times even keeping him out of a game bid. Incidentally, of course, this third bidder on occasion received very severe punishment for his "psychic" or pre-emptive opening, but this was said just to even things out with the (?) benefits gained on other occasions. Now this idea that fourth player must hold a giant hand when first and second hand pass, and third hand has nothing to boast about, is surely ridiculous, for, as a fact, the usual procedure over here is a throw-in, fourth player shirking an opening bid, even on a strong hand, *because* he is fourth player. English players have had the principle of "safety first" so rubbed in that when the bidding is passed up to them in the fourth position, it is no great exaggeration to say they all but throw in before they have looked at their cards. But even if this fourth player does hold a smashing lot, there are other ways of dealing with him.

The purpose of the Sims' "Tactical Minor Suit Bids" are:

(1) To upset the calculations of opponents;

(2) To tell partner what to lead if the enemy finally wins the contract;

(3) To pave the way to game, slam, or partial score.

So you see these bids have more to them than your "psychic" or pre-emptive bids, whose purpose can be but (1) of above; so far as (2) goes, partner is as much in the dark as ever what to lead, and as for (3)—well, I should say that possibility is completely knocked on the head. (I confess I am prejudiced. I detest any pre-emptive bid, and I find "psychics" too expensive and too irritating to have anything to do with.) After two passes the bid of one diamond by third player means:

(1) That the hand contains a sound diamond opening, *or*

(2) That you want a diamond led if the opponents play the hand.

The bid of one diamond, therefore, does not guarantee any length in diamonds—not even three cards—but it does show tops, or at least, not less than queen, knave, ten or the equivalent; and the entire hand must hold two tricks with some outside hopes.

Here are two examples of third-hand diamond bids, taken from "Master Contract":

(A) Spades—K, x, x.	(B) Spades—A, Q, x.
Hearts—x.	Hearts—K, J, x.
Clubs—A, x, x. [x, x, x.	Clubs—x, x, x.
Diamonds—A, K, Kn,	Diamonds—Q, Kn, x, x.

Hand (A), of course, is the usual type of strong opening, and a diamond would be bid in any position. Hand (B), however, illustrates the "Tactical Minor Suit Bid" by third player. It is purely defensive, and just tells partner what to lead if opponents get the play. Again:

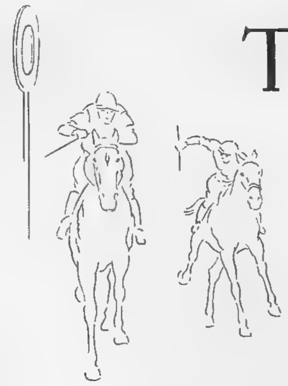
(C) Spades—A, 10, x.	(D) Spades—A, x.
Hearts—A, Kn, x.	Hearts—x, x, x.
Clubs—A, x, x.	Clubs—x, x, x.
Diamonds—Q, 10, x, x.	Diamonds—K, Q, 10, x, x.

(C): A biddable hand in any position. A question of no-trumps or diamonds—better open diamonds and await developments. (D): A defensive third-hand bid—one diamond; clearly if opponents get the contract, you want a diamond led.

The third-in-hand club is a different affair, as we shall see next week. In the meantime, read these words from "Master Contract": "By opening the bidding one very seldom makes it easier, and generally makes it distinctly more difficult for the opponents to bid their hands correctly."

We regret to say that in our issue of September 22, we stated that the Siamese Cat Show was "being held to-day." This was an unfortunate slip; it should have read "to take place on September 29."

THINGS *which make life* worth while!



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To be followed by The COMMERCIAL MOTOR TRANSPORT EXHIBITION, NOV. 4-13

THE LAST DOOR.

(Continued from Page 608.)

He lit a cigarette. They would probably pay half in advance. There was no risk . . . but suddenly his previous distaste soured to disgust.

"I 'm sorry, but I can't help you."

Ben stood up. His beefy face was furious. "What 's wrong with you—sissy or something?"

Bryan nodded. "I wouldn't touch drugs. It 's a filthy business. Thanks, I 'd rather starve."

Out of the corner of his eye he noticed the woman whisper something to Frost, who interrupted:

"Say, you miserable door-peddler! You 're going to take that packet, or——"

Bryan's face set with a click. "Or what?"

By way of answer Frost stretched out his hand. From Bryan's vest-pocket he took something that glittered.

The woman gave a little scream: "Oh—my brooch!" Her eyes narrowed. "You thief! You stole my brooch! So I made a mistake."

Bryan flushed. "It 's a lie! I never stole anything." He swung round to Frost: "You planted it on me!"

Ben sneered. "There are three of us—guess we 'd better call the police." His hand was on the telephone.

Bryan's fist was clenched. Bluff . . . and yet if the police came things would look pretty black. Door-to-door demonstrators don't rank very high. He was one against three. If he told the police about the packet, the chances of his being believed were small.

Ben paused, the transmitter poised. "Well, what is it—a hundred pounds or quod?"

Bryan bent over his long knees. From under the table he took one of the suit-cases.

"It would go in here," he suggested dimly. He opened the lid, then stood up suddenly. "No, I 'm damned if I 'll take your filthy stuff!"

Frost pushed his livid face towards him. Bryan checked the blow he was aiming as a revolver prodded his diaphragm.

Frost snarled: "Don't be a fool! If you don't take it, we 'll call the police and give you in charge! Don't imagine they 'd take your word against ours."

Bryan's throat was prickly dry. He smiled, and croaked "Get the police!"

Ben had finished his conversation. He put down the telephone. "I 'll be back in a minute—in case they need my corroboration." When he had gone, Bryan stuck his hands in the side pockets of his jacket. His face hardened. More of Frost's conjuring tricks. He did not have to guess the contents of the little white packets his fingers had touched. They were making sure his story of the drug would not be believed . . . and Marjorie was waiting for him still!

Two plain-clothes police arrived. The woman made the charge. Bryan waited, hot-faced and defiant, till Ben came back from dumping the revolver and the package.

He began: "Yes, officer . . . and he tried to sell us some dope or something—he 's got some on him now."

Bryan appealed to the detectives. "Please—before you do anything, listen to this."

Swiftly he opened the suit-case and twiddled with a knob.

Frost's voice boomed: "Don't be a fool! If you don't take it, we 'll call the police. . . . Don't imagine they 'd take your word against ours."

The policemen's faces were grave. To the woman Bryan said, a little spark of glee in his voice: "That 's the new gadget I was trying to tell you about—the home voice-recorder for your children's sayings, records of celebrities at your cocktail-parties, rehearsing yourself in after-dinner speeches, and telephone conversations. It 'll soon be the rage. Good recording, isn't it?" [THE END.]

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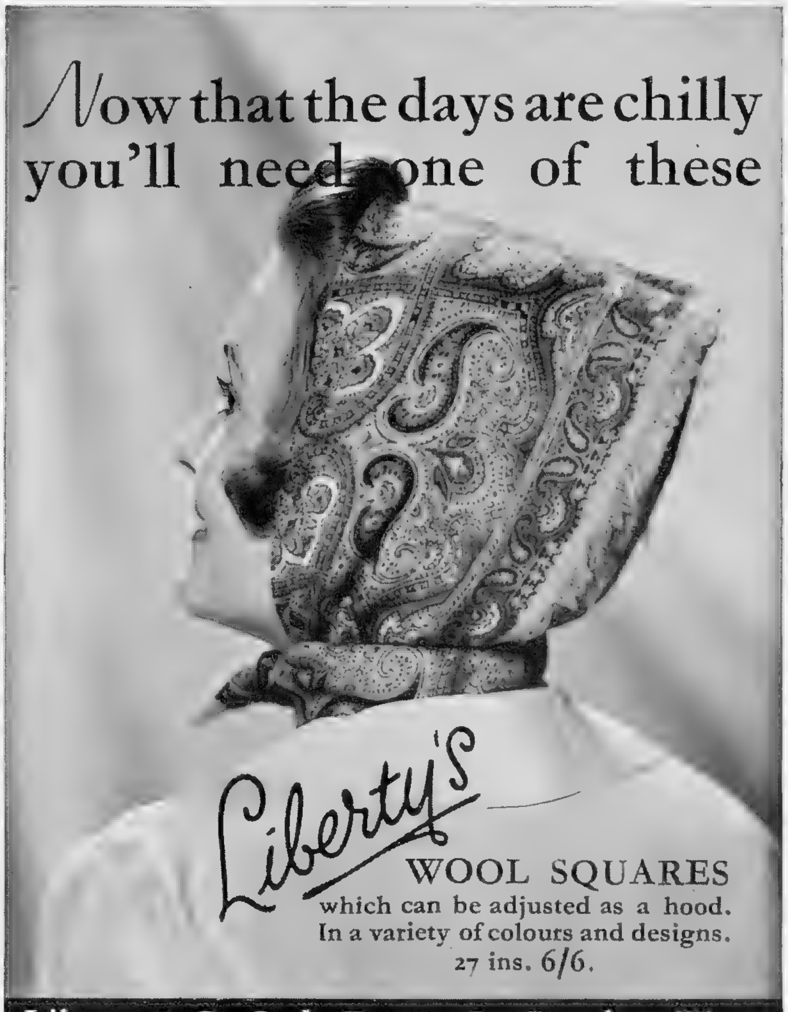

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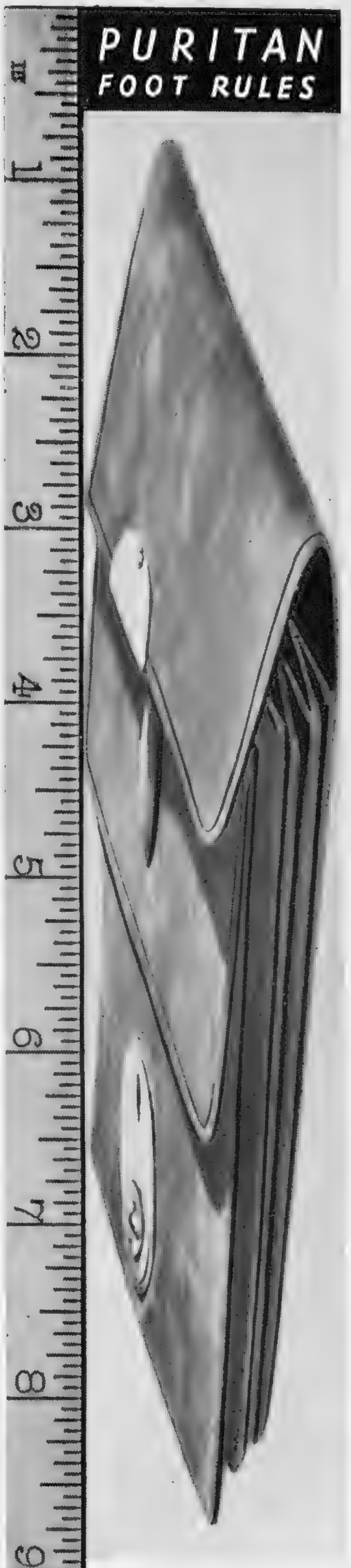

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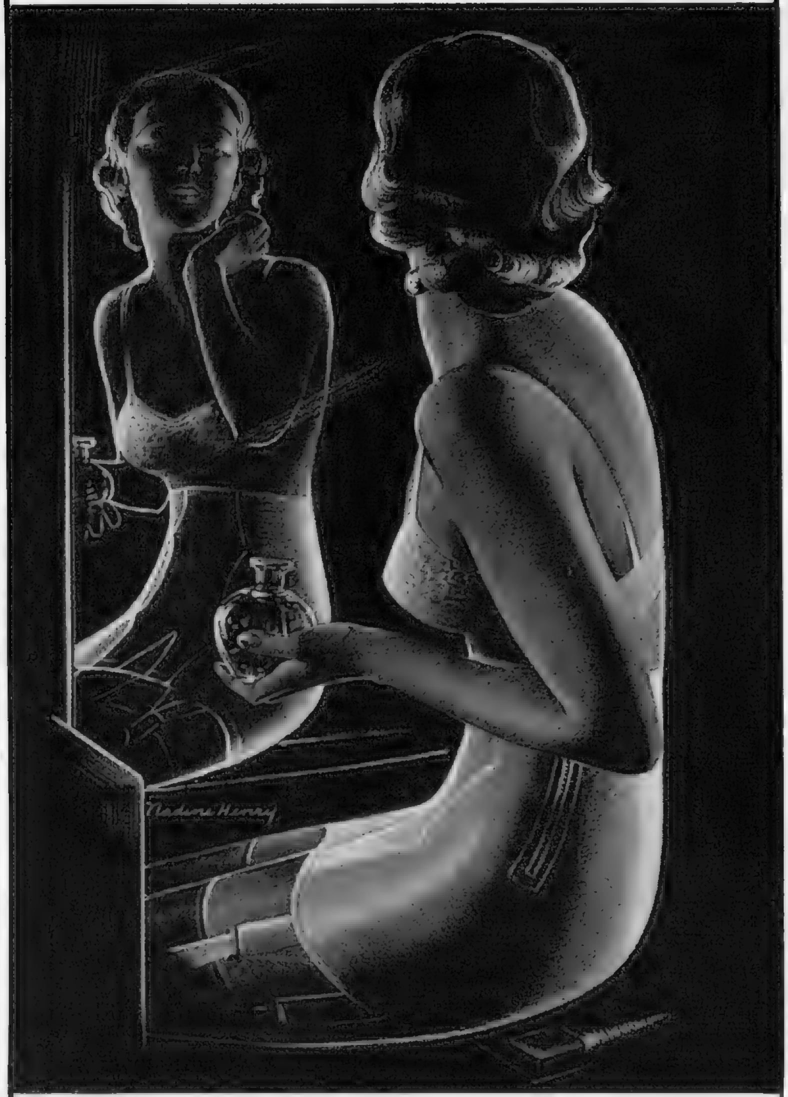

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CITY NOTES.

(*Continued from Page 638.*)

"Aircraft shares must be a good lock-up, surely."

"We said the same thing when the prices stood several shillings higher. If the shares were worth buying at that time, they should be still more desirable to-day."

"Conditions have changed a good deal in the last three months."

"Conditions? Financially, of course. But otherwise——?"

"The Far East: the fall in the franc: the Mediterranean piracy-pest: the Yankee slump——"

"Go on. Say that the weather has changed as well. And don't forget that Summer Time changes on October the third."

"I 've recited my piece. Now for yours."

"Gold is £7 an ounce: our Board of Trade returns are topping: freight-rates are constantly rising: rubber producers are making really big profits: cable companies' receipts are expanding. Every day you see bigger profits and increased dividends from all sorts and kinds of companies. People have more money to spend, and are spending it, too. On clothes; entertainments; motor-cars; jewellery——"

"And other necessaries of life," Our Stroller interposed.

"I 've given you only a small part of the list of indications that what you call 'things' are in a sound and healthy state."

"But your markets are dull and quiet, all the same."

"That is simply because general conditions are for the time being too unsettled to encourage confidence. One of these days, when you 're least expecting it, prices will recover in a way that 's likely to make you curse your present pessimism."

"Call it ultra-caution. I 'm not pessimistic really, and I readily agree that we shall have your markets better before long. But—what is one to do in the meantime?"

"Put money into any of the sound industrials, I should say."

"For choice?"

"Turner and Newall, General Electric, Imperial Airways, Ransome and Rapier, Shell Transport—things of that type."

"How about Yankees?"

The two men crossed the House and stood in that sleeve of the American Market which separates the one part from the other.

"Fortunes have been lost here," the broker said quietly, "within the past month. 'Fortunes made,' do you say? Possibly. Not to the same extent, though, as they 've been lost."

"Was it a panic?"

"No; it never got as far as that. You could always sell stock, even on the worst days. And that is what you can't do when there 's a panic. But let 's talk of something else, please."

"Right you are. What happens when you have a failure in here?"

"Cheerful companion this morning, aren't you? Come and stand here."

"That chap over there," the broker indicated, "is handed a large notice, and everyone knows what 's going to happen. All the noise dies down in two seconds. There 's an absolutely dead hush everywhere."

"It sounds dramatic."

"It 's worse than that. The waiter, first that chap, and then the other fellow in the New House, hits the side of his pulpit three times with a wooden mallet, and reads out the notice."

"And then?"

"The waiters step down, pin up the notices, and business starts again as if nothing had happened. A man was once hammered by mistake. They got the wrong name or something. He was in the House at the time, and he shouted up at the waiter:

"'It 's a damned lie!'

"And so it was. There can't be many in the House who remember that, either. Aren't you going to buy some shipping shares?"

"Shall I? What 's the attraction?"

"High freights, of course. The prices would have gone through the roof by now if our markets had been anything like normal."

Our Stroller frankly confessed that he felt too chicken-hearted. "Can't you suggest something else?" he asked.

"Well," replied the broker, reflectively stroking his chin, "there 's a good deal to be said in favour of keeping rabbits, don't you think?" *Friday, Sept. 24, 1937.*

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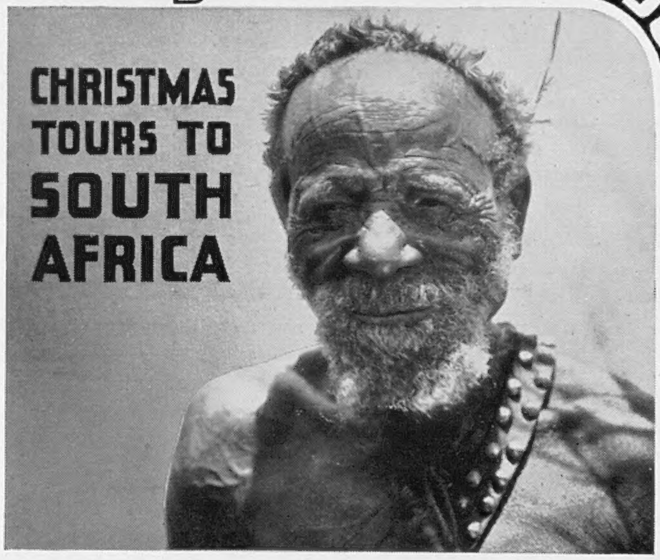

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER. (*Continued from page 634*).

not have been more fortunate in her biographer. He has all Mr. Denis Mackail's lightness of touch and delicate sense of the social scene, and, moreover, being a relation, and a well-disposed relation, he is prejudiced in her favour. No matter how many young men she disappoints—and there must be a good half-dozen of them left to lick their wounds—we are made to feel that she has had a lucky escape. Her biographer's avuncular heart often misses a beat for these narrow shaves; in spite of his ironic, detached, and sometimes slightly facetious manner, he is very fond of her, and the reader shares his liking, if not his misgivings. Jacinth is not in any real danger from these cubbish peers, posturing painters, rough-house twins, and the rest; and often when the risk seems greatest she is merely arranging a marriage for a friend. Mr. Mackail has lavished all his art and artifice on her portrait and on its background, the bright world to which she belongs; and a charming picture it makes.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Brynhild. By H. G. Wells. (*Methuen: 7s. 6d.*)
Man's Estate. By M. E. Ince. (*Dent; 7s. 6d.*)
Jacinth. By Denis Mackail. (*Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.*)

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, SEPTEMBER 22.

ACROSS.—1. Irene. 4. Orangemen. 8. Capital. 9. Legends. 10. Meet. 11. Match. 12. Stay. 15. Spots. 16. Samaria. 18. Tanners. 21. Trier. 23. Sups. 24. Plane. 25. Bier. 28. Amulets. 29. Uniting. 30. Fieldfare. 31. Might.

DOWN.—1. Incumbent. 2. Express. 3. Efts. 4. Orleans. 5. Gags. 6. Monitor. 7. Nosey. 9. Locks. 13. Cover. 14. Ambit. 17. Arkwright. 19. Neptune. 20. Soles. 21. Tonsure. 22. Railing. 23. Staff. 26. Mead. 27. Firm.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"RICHARD II." (Queen's). 8.15.—Brilliantly played by John Gielgud, Peggy Ashcroft, and a first-rate cast.

"OLD MUSIC" (St. James's). 8.30.—Crimea and Crinoline-time brilliantly re-created. Celia Johnson, Greer Garson, Hugh Williams.

"VICTORIA REGINA" (Lyric). 8.30.—Perfect reproduction of the Victorian era, with Pamela Stanley. Perfect settings by Rex Whistler.

"BALALAIKA" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—Pre-war Russian gaiety; songs and dances.

"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS" (Criterion). 8.40.—Laughter without limit.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"GOING GREEK" (Gaiety). 8.15.—Henson, Emney, Hearn and Louise Browne in true Henson vehicle.

"I HAVE BEEN THERE BEFORE" (Royalty). 8.30.—Psychology by Priestley, with Wilfred Lawson's first-rate interpretation.

"CRAZY DAYS" (Shaftesbury). 8.15.—Typical Stanley Lupino stuff; music, dancing, and fun.

"BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL" (New). 8.15.—Dodie Smith's newest. A well-acted play about young people.

"GERTIE MAUDE" (St. Martin's). 8.30.—John van Druten's Conversation Piece of 1911. First-rate acting.

"THE GUSHER" (Princes). 8.15.—Another good Ian Hay melodrama of many scenes.

"A SPOT OF BOTHER" (Strand). 8.30.—Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in knockabout farce. Lots of laughter.

"BLACK LIMELIGHT" (Duke of York's). 8.30.—Margaret Rawlings as wife and wanton, in the solution of a sensational murder.

"LONDON AFTER DARK" (Apollo). 8.30.—Adventures of Marion Lorne.

"TIME AND THE CONWAYS" (Duchess). 8.30.—A thoughtful evening with J. B. Priestley.

"GEORGE AND MARGARET" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—The lightest possible plot, but rich comedy.

"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON" (Victoria Palace). 8.30.—Dorothy L. Sayers' Lord Peter Winsey dramatised.

"CREST OF THE WAVE" (Drury Lane). 8.15.—Music, dance and spectacle; with Dorothy Dickson and Ivor Novello.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"SOULS AT SEA" (Plaza).—Gary Cooper and George Raft in a thrilling drama of the sea.

"A STAR IS BORN" (Tivoli).—Success and failure in Hollywood. A Technicolor picture, starring Janet Gaynor and Fredric March.

"LE ROMAN D'UN TRICHEUR" (Academy).—A witty experiment in story-telling by Sacha Guitry.

"VICTORIA THE GREAT" (Leicester Square Theatre).—Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook in an impressive chronicle of a great reign.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"DOUBLE OR NOTHING" (Carlton).—Bing Crosby, in a musical play, competes for a fortune.

"OVER SHE GOES" (Regal).—Stanley Lupino in the screen version of a popular musical comedy.

"CAFÉ MÉTROPÔLE" (Gaumont, Haymarket).—Adolphe Menjou, Tyrone Power, and Loretta Young in the comedy of a spurious Prince.

"KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOUR" (London Pavilion).—A drama of escape and pursuit in revolutionary Russia, starring Robert Donat and Marlene Dietrich.

". . . SAID O'REILLY TO McNAB" (New Gallery).—Will Fyffe and Will Mahoney join forces in a comedy of bluff.

While every endeavour is made to keep these lists up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

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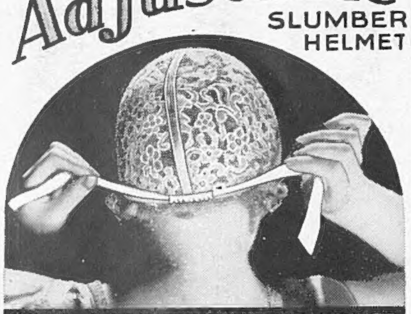
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PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2; and Published Weekly at the Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1937. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903. Agents for Australasia, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Branches: Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, N.Z.; Launceston and Hobart, Tasmania.

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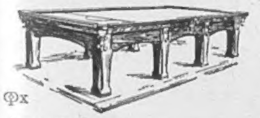

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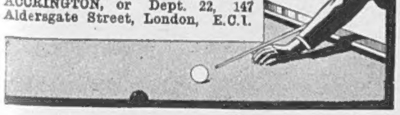

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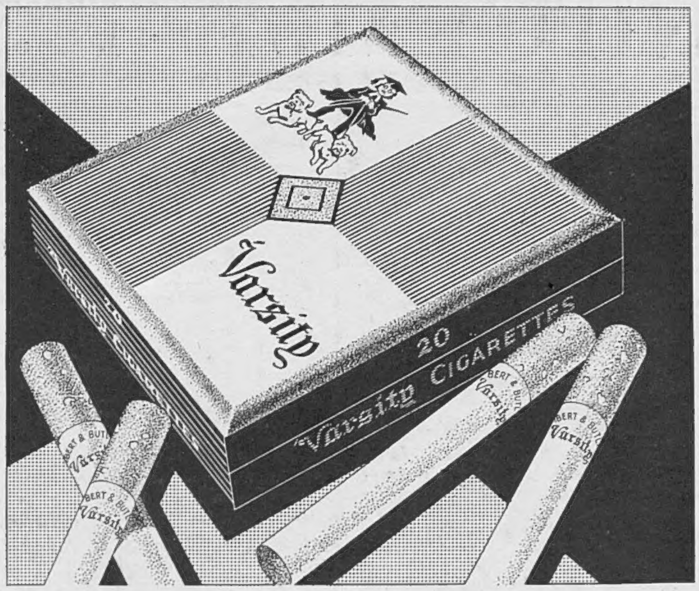

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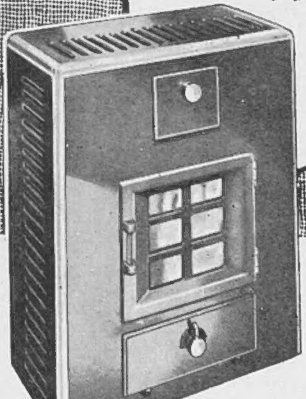

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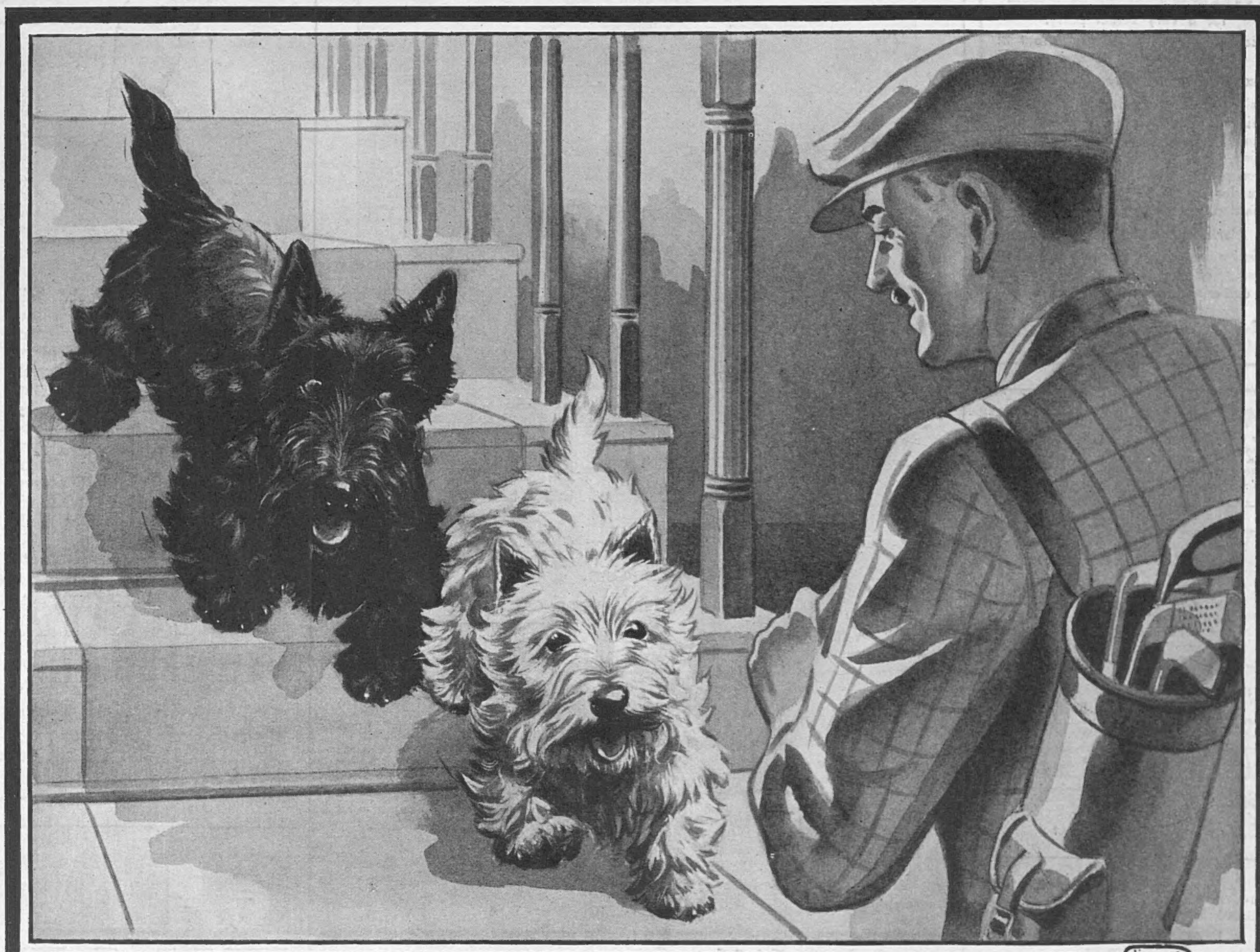

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